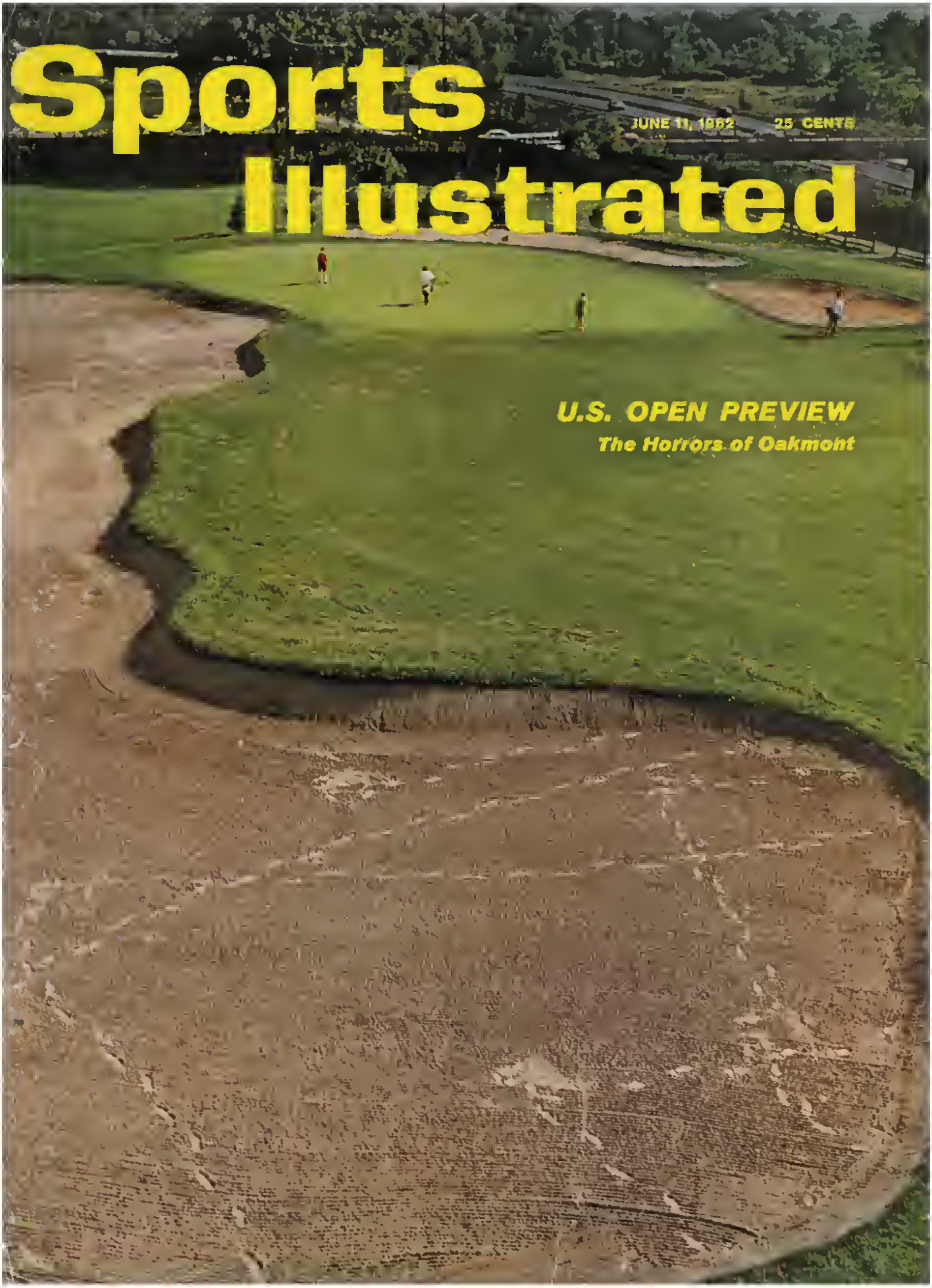

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 11, 1962
25 CENTS
U.S. OPEN PREVIEW
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1962 REVLON, INC.

it doesn't show yet but he's losing his hair!

(and chances are if you're over 25 so are you!)

It's one thing to lose your hair naturally, hut why rush things with an unhealthy scalp? Your hairdressing may keep your hair neat, hut does it keep your scalp healthy, too? 'Top Brass' *moisturizes* to stop dry scalp, with *no greasy build-up.* And it's *medicated* to fight dandruff. Get 'Top Brass' in the tube or the new cream-liquid in plastic aqueeze bottle.



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Next week

COLLEGE ROWING reaches a climax as 13 colleges meet in the IRA regatta on New York's Onondaga Lake. Six pages of color and a report on the participating teams herald the race.

THE CAMPING EXPERIENCE, as it is known in bureaucratese, is examined with a sprightly eye by John O'Reilly, who joined the millions now finding relaxation in the U.S. wilds.

THUNDERBIRD GOLF, a new major tournament with a $25,000 first prize, brings golf's eager professionals to New Jersey, where Alfred Wright will report on their treasure hunt.

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THE PIPE SMOKER'S

Miscellany

Tidbits, Tips and Trivia on the art of Pipesmanship

HOW MANY PIPES DO YOU NEED?



At least two if only to do justice to the Rule of Pipe Rotation—that is, change pipes at intervals so that continuous smoking doesn't scorch the bowl and shank

But let's face it, a half dozen pipes is a better and more realistic number. (Of course, the more the merrier!)

How often should you switch pipes? Every 4-6 pipefuls, depending on the heat of the pipe and the taste you're getting.



Like a good wife, a pipe is a friend and companion for life MELVILLE

THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT



Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning because of its old English cut—a combination of flakes for even-burning and cubes for slower-burning. You'll like its aroma of fine imported and domestic tobaccos, too.

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The Drum Major, 2nd Battalion, Black Watch (*Royal Highland Regiment*) of Canada, heads the Highland Games Parade, Antigonish, Nova Scotia

CANADA...*the wonderful world at your doorstep!*

By actual count, Canadians of Scottish descent are far from a majority group in Canada. But you'll find that hard to believe. From one ocean to the other, the Canadian hills, plains and valleys echo with the skirl of the pipes.

Scottish regiments, massed pipe bands, Highland dancers, Highland games and Gaelic gatherings abound. Men, women and children (many with nary a trace of Scots blood) find their eyes misting, their pace quickening, their heads held higher when the strains of "A hundred pipers and a' and a' " greet them.

The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada this year celebrates its one hundredth anniversary. To honour this occasion, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who is Colonel-in-Chief, will present new colours to the three battalions of her regiment on June 9, in Montreal.

Nova Scotia, understandably, has a full calendar of Scottish events that attracts visitors from all over. Highlights: the Gathering of the Clans, July 1, Pugwash; the Highland Games, July 11-14, Antigonish; the Gaelic Mod, August 6-11, St. Ann's.

The booklet, "Calendar of Events in Canada," (which we'll be happy to send you), lists all the holiday celebrations and entertainments for every province, including all Scottish manifestations.

Wherever you go in Canada, you'll be within a caber's toss of reminders of "the auld country" and, even if it's not your "auld country," you'll enjoy it.

To help you plan your visit to Canada, send for the Canadian Vacation Package

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discerning people enjoy it

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SCORECARD

WE GO BO

The Sporting News considers itself the bible of baseball, and we say, "Bully!" But we do wish that the good gray editorial writers of that publication would pipe down on the subject of ballplayers' behavior. Last week they climbed all over young Bo Belinsky, left-hand pitcher and pool shark of the Los Angeles Angels, and for what? Mainly for being colorful. "Mr. Belinsky apparently is being carried away by the sound of his brash quotes," said the editorial. "Some have been ridiculous. Others, if accurate, have displayed a callous disregard for the game."

Specifically, Bo should not have said, "I had more fun in the minors than I'm having in the majors: in the minors I could bet on myself." And, "I've had to learn a new pitch in the majors to replace the spitter I used in the minors." *The Sporting News* thinks that team officials should censure Belinsky before League President Joe Cronin (or even Commissioner Ford Frick) puts him down.

None of this would be pertinent if it weren't for the fact that baseball is being mumed these days by dreary businessmen of the diamond who conceal themselves behind a spate of cliches: "We play these games one at a time." "I'd ride the bench if it would help the team." "They put their pants on one leg at a time like everybody else."

We would trade a teamful of such players for one Bo Belinsky. Who else would say of high school athletics, "I couldn't go for that sis-boom-bah stuff," or of minor league baseball in Georgia, "It was another country." We rejoice at the way he assayed his own career: "Me?" he said. "I'm going all the way." We hope so, and we hope he keeps talking en route.

CLEM McCARTHY

His voice always came through in a tangle of treble and bass, as if the radio dial weren't set quite right. Words tumbled from the pebbled-rubber larynx one over another, joined by an inordinate series of conjunctions: ". . . and the count is four, and Schmeling is up, and Donavan is watching carefully, and Schmeling is down, the men are in the ring, the fight is over. . . ." He was as exciting as he was excitable, the sportscaster with the intimate conversational style, the best of his age, Clem McCarthy.

Now the voice is still. Gravely ill for years, McCarthy died Monday in a New York nursing home at 79. But the other day we heard a record, newly released, and there it was again. "Max, Max!" it cried for the nation to hear as Schmeling was carried from the ring in 1938, knocked out by Joe Louis. "Max! Officer! Get Max Schmeling over here! Get him! Bring him over! Max! I'm trying to get him. Officer! Get Max Schmeling!" then, resigned—"I can't get him . . ."

And again at Pimlico in 1947, rhapsodizing on the horse Jet Pilot and how he had just won the Preakness; suddenly the voice is subdued. "What am I talking about," McCarthy says. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have made a terrific mistake. I have given you the winner as Jet Pilot and it is Faultless. . . . Well, Babe Ruth struck out once."

The record (Riverside, $3.98) was cut at the expense of the record company, NBC and Ed Sullivan, who supplied introduction and commentary. Proceeds were to go to McCarthy. Now it doesn't matter, but buy the record anyway—for the pleasure of hearing Clem McCarthy again.

WILD CAT

Arthur H. (Big Artie, Fat Artie) Samish has been a newsboy, horseplayer, lobbyist and prison inmate. Now he is running a motel for rich dogs. Artie started a swank doggery in San Francisco called Pets Inn, rates $2.50 a day to $90 a month on the American plan. He and his associates sank $100,000 in Pets Inn, and they had a grand opening recently with "champagne and oddments [table scraps?] catered from Las Vegas." The décor is posh; there are landscaped animal runs, dietary kitchens, piped-in music, and the Poochies and Marmadukes are picked up in chauffeured Rolls-Royces.

Artie went to jail in 1956 for income tax evasion and stayed there 26 months. As a lobbyist he used to boast that he could tell if California legislators wanted "money, a girl or a baked potato." Artie went to the 1949 World Series in a limousine with a window sticker reading "U.N. Counsel." "This allowed me to make a left turn in Brooklyn," he chirped. "I got it real cheap."

Big Artie says he has given up lobbying for good and now looks forward to a string of society inns for California dogs. When asked what else he had going, his flesh shook and his face beamed. "Kid," he said, "I'm wild all over; I'm wilder than I've ever been."

LOS SOCCERNIKS

Que fractura mas buena (what a lucky break) it was for Costa Rica last week. The Russian soccer team, en route to Chile for the world championships (*see page 90*), had condescended to stop and



show off their skills. Now, finding a Russian in Costa Rica is like finding a coffee bean in Beluga caviar, and when the Soviet players arrived at 11 p.m. they were royally received by customs agents (the rest of the airport had shut down for the night) who proceeded to ransack their luggage and search their persons. Trainer Gavril Kachalin blew his top. "What do you think we are?" he squealed. "Spies? We'll take the next plane out."

But they stayed, keeping indoors in a side-street hotel until Sunday when they emerged, winking and blinking in the stark white sun, to take on a local team. The crowd was large at San José Stadium. The soccer was poor. "*¿Que pasa* [What's up]?" grumbled the fans

continued

FIRESTONE WINS AGAIN... 39th STRAIGHT VICTORY IN "500" CLASSIC!



Rodger Ward, 1962 winner at 140.293 m.p.h., says

"Firestone record here at Indy tells more about its tires than anything I can say. That's why I picked Firestone."

Championship safety and stamina of Firestone tires proved again in world series of racing at Indianapolis



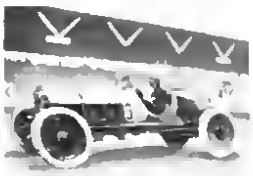
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The Firestone Nylon 500, illustrated, carries a Guarantee for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials PLUS a 27-month Guarantee against road hazards. Both Guarantees provide for replacements prorated on tread wear, and are honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

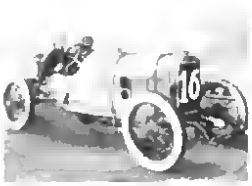
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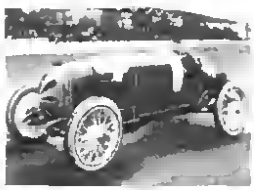
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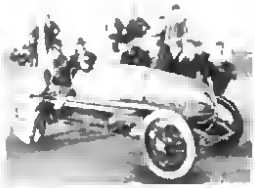
1911 Ray Harroun, 74.59 m.p.h.



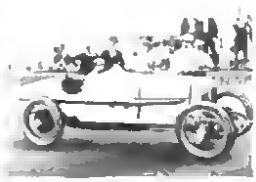
†1913 Jules Goux, 75.93 m.p.h.



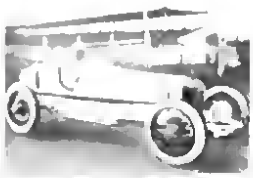
†1920 Gaston Chevrolet, 88.62 m.p.h.



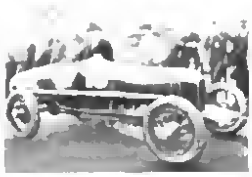
1921 Tommy Milton, 89.62 m.p.h.



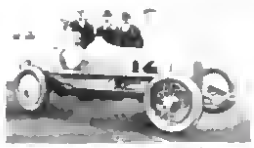
1922 Jimmy Murphy, 94.48 m.p.h.



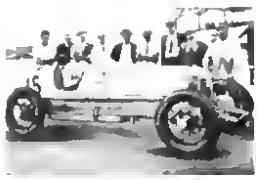
1923 Tommy Milton, 90.95 m.p.h.



1924 L. Corum, Joe Boyer, 98.23 m.p.h.



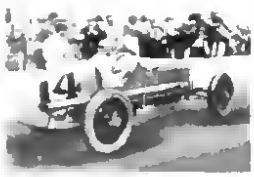
1925 Pete De Paolo, 101.13 m.p.h.



1926 Frank Lockhart, 95.9 m.p.h.



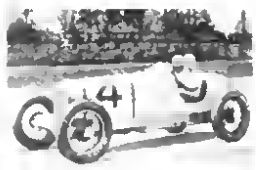
1927 George [illegible]



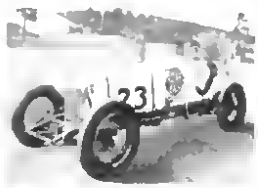
1928 Louis Meyer, 99.45 m.p.h.



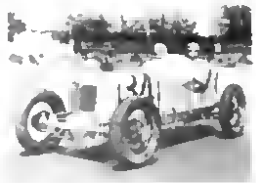
1929 Ray [illegible], 97.58 m.p.h.



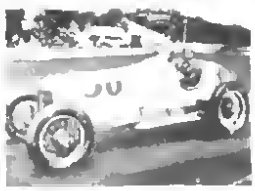
1930 Billy Arnold, 100.44 m.p.h.



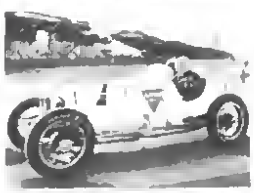
1931 Louis Schneider, 96.62 m.p.h.



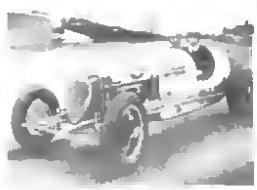
1932 Fred Frame, 104.14 m.p.h.



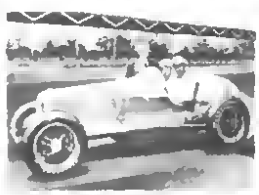
1933 Louis Meyer, 104.16 m.p.h.



1934 W[illegible] Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



1935 Kelly Petillo, 106.24 m.p.h.



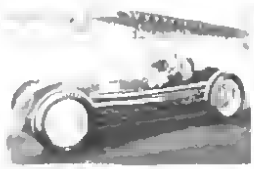
1936 Louis Meyer, 109.06 m.p.h.



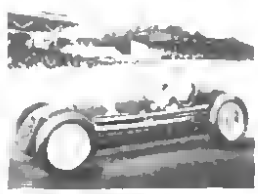
1937 Wilbur Shaw, 113.58 m.p.h.



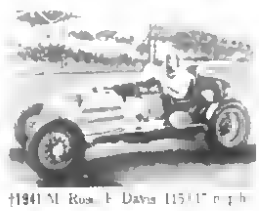
1938 Floyd Roberts, 117.20 m.p.h.



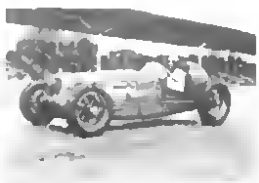
1939 Wilbur Shaw, 114.035 m.p.h.



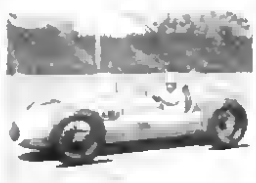
1940 Wilbur Shaw, 114.277 m.p.h.



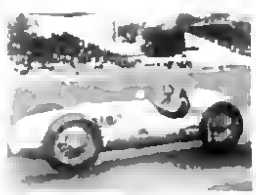
†1941 M. Ros[illegible] F. Davis, 115.117 m.p.h.



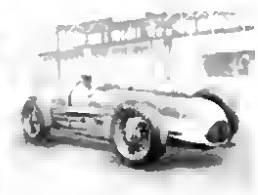
†1946 George Robson, 114.8 m.p.h.



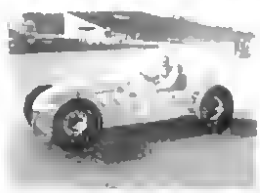
1947 Mauri Ros[illegible], 119.33 m.p.h.



1949 M[illegible] Rose, 119.913 m.p.h.



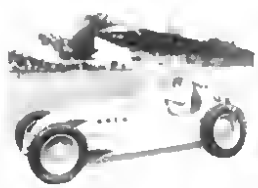
1949 Bill Holland, 121.327 m.p.h.



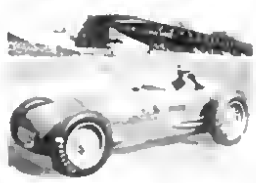
1950 Johnnie Parsons, 124.002 m.p.h.



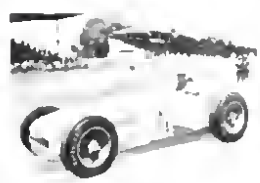
1951 Lee Wallard, 126.244 m.p.h.



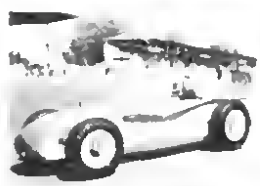
1952 Troy Ruttman, 128.922 m.p.h.



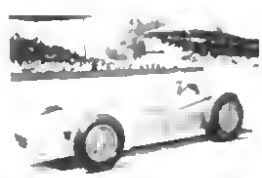
1953 Bill Vuk[illegible]ch, 128.74 m.p.h.



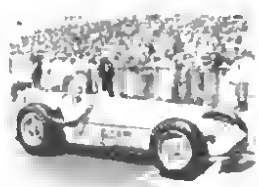
1954 Bill Vukovich, 130.840 m.p.h.



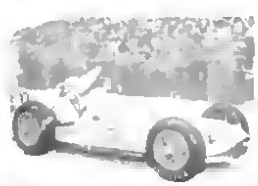
1955 Bob Sweikert, 128.209 m.p.h.



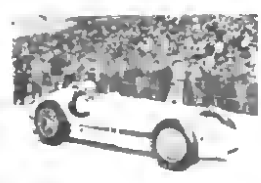
1956 Pat Flaherty, 128.490 m.p.h.



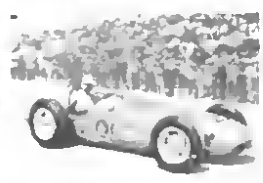
1957 Sam Hanks, 135.601 m.p.h.



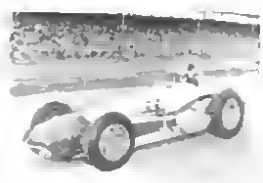
1958 Jimmy Bryan, 133.791 m.p.h.



1959 Rodger Ward, 135.857 m.p.h.



1960 Jim Rathmann, 138.767 m.p.h.



1961 A. J. Foyt, 139.131 m.p.h.

†No races during [illegible]

A
TAHITIAN TAN
BY
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A jet-fast tanning cream for a glamorous Tahitian tan... and a transparent sun-screen stick to protect lips and eyelids ..plus a handy mirror!



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as the Soviets fooled around and got tied 1–1. "We are here not to win or lose but to provide a spectacle," Kachalin explained, and everyone agreed his boys had made a spectacle of themselves.

Smarting, Kachalin accepted another match, this time with the local champions. It was a sell-out. The game grew rough. "*Que lindo* [This is more like it]!" cried one spectator as the Russian goalie, Vladimir Maslachenko (San José sportscasters had a grand time twisting *that* one around their tongues), was helped from the field with a bleeding, broken nose. The Russians won 6–2, but at Cali, Colombia a day later they were tied again, 0–0. As they left for Chile, one commentator said proverbially, "*No es tan bravo el leon como lo pintan*"—which is to say, "The lion is not as fierce as he's painted."

THE SCAVENGERS

Around the Polo Grounds these game nights the fun for young hoods is selling private parking on unlighted, undeveloped public property at $1.50 a car (better take your valuables to the park with you, including aerials, rear-view mirrors and hubcaps). But the recent epitome of opportunistic scavenging occurred on a boat chartered out of Captree on Long Island by a group of fishermen. Rough weather soon stretched many of the paying customers on the deck. As they lay in mortal agony, the crew stole their lunches.

THE GOOD SHIP POTTER

Incompetent sportsmen may want to pause this weekend to observe the anniversary of the birth of Gamesmanship —it was June 8, 1931 that Stephen Potter perceived the basic principles of what was later to blossom into "The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating." By 1947, in *The Theory and Practise of Gamesmanship*, Potter was able to set forth the specifics of the Frith-Morteroy Counter and the Basic Fluke Play, as well as the invaluable Second Law of Gamesmanship—which, condensed, is: "If you can't volley, wear velvet socks." Here, too, were such exquisite refinements as: "Do not attempt to irritate partner by spending too long looking for your lost ball. This is unsporting. But good gamesmanship . . . can be practised if the gamesman makes a great and irritatingly prolonged parade . . . looking for his *opponent's* ball."

Inferiority being what it is (prevalent), there was soon a demand for Potter's assistance in other fields, which he kindly provided in such books as *Lifemanship* and *Oneupmanship*. But it is for such basic arts as Fomenting Distrust Between Your Two Opponents and the 18 ways of saying "Bad luck" that the bulk of American sportsmen are grateful today to Potter.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Owner Charles Finley will have the necessary seven affirmative votes if he asks American League co-owners next month to approve his moving the Kansas City Athletics to Dallas-Fort Worth for 1963.
- Details are set: the U.S. Track and Field Federation will come into being early in July.
- Watch for this shake-up of the NBA's Chicago Packers next season: Paul Seymour to replace Jim Pollard as head coach, Pollard to be kept in front office for the balance of his contract.
- A new bond issue will be necessary to finance Houston's domed baseball stadium unless $3 million can be raised through advance seat options.
- National Football League back judges will be able to synchronize field time with the time on the scoreboard clock by use of pocket-size electronic gadget invented by an employee of Clint Murchison's Dallas Cowboys.

STEAKS HORSE

Trotting's Clearview Stable, owned by Norman S. Woolworth, is one of the few that brighten a horseplayer's (and, perhaps, a horse's) life by imaginative nomenclature. Clearview had twins a few years ago, and named them Tweedledum and Tweedledee. It has a broodmare, Filet Mignon, whose first son is Porterhouse, one of the fastest 4-year-olds in training today. Her next two foals were named Tenderloin (colt) and Lamb Chop (filly). Sadly, Mr. Woolworth has run out of choice cuts. He wants to name his new colt Meatball.

ON BEING DISCRIMINATE

When Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color line in 1947, Pee Wee Reese from Louisville, Ky. was the first Dodger to display his acceptance of the Negro, posing with him for pictures and kidding with him in public. Not long ago the Louisville Board of Aldermen elected Reese to a nine-man Citizens Human Relations Commission, but almost

continued

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Photographed in Venice on a Holiday Abroad via SABENA Intercontinental Jet

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And it probably does these things more effectively than any lotion you've ever tried. Because this After-Shaving Lotion contains an impressive selection of modern ingredients. There's a special healing agent that aids the growth of replacement cells, does away with dead tissues. There's also a unique, high-powered bacteria check designed to protect the health of your skin; important humectants to help replace the natural youthful moisture that'a lost with the passing years.

With all these virtues, it's a wonder Yardley After-Shaving Lotion costs only $1 a bottle.

But it does.

immediately the appointment was criticized by the NAACP and CORE. Reese, it seems, is a partner in a segregated bowling alley in Louisville that bears his name, so the two organizations wanted Reese removed from the commission.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* leaped to Reese's defense. "He is no confirmed segregationist," it said. "He could be a useful member of the commission."

Last week Reese resigned from the commission. "I feel I can better serve the cause of voluntary integration as a private citizen," he told Louisville Mayor William O. Cowger. Replied Cowger: "It is unfortunate."

THEY SAID IT

• Sonny Liston, on Floyd Patterson's chances against him: "He won't last five rounds. I want to have more time to talk to the sportswriters. I have to be home at a certain time and I can't go 15 rounds and talk to the writers both."

• A. J. Foyt, Indianapolis "500" defending champion, after being forced out of last week's race: "I may drive for Bowes Seal Fast next year, but I'll have a different crew. They goofed up some last year but this time they were really all thumbs. The only one I can trust is my father."

• Bobby Bragan, Houston coach, on the future of baseball: "Someday all stadiums will have domes, and they'll seat around 2,500. They'll sell the television rights for about $3 million, and seeing the game live will be on a very exclusive basis, like *Queen for a Day*. When will that be? In about 40 years. That's how long it takes for baseball to make a change."

• Willie Pastrano, one of the fluff punchers in boxing, on the difference between fighting light heavyweights and heavyweights: "I used to hit heavyweights with my best shots, and they'd just smile at me. It was extremely depressing."

• Eddie Arcaro, retired master jockey, on eating again after 30 years of watching his weight: "I've been on a high protein diet for so long, rich food makes me sick. I love it—spaghetti and things—but my stomach just won't accept it."

• Chuck Connors, television and movie actor and former major league baseball player, discussing Branch Rickey's loquaciousness: "I heard him talk for an hour and a half on how to take a lead at first base, and he never got the runner more than 10 feet off the bag." **END**



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Pentax H-3 with accessory Clip-On Exposure Meter (as shown), no more than $232.00.

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But when, on the way to Century 21, you stop at any of Union's 4000 service stations in the West, you'll know the Sparkle Corps has been there.

You can tell by the sparkling white, blue and orange stations and the spotless rest rooms. That's the Sparkle Corps' job: to make sure the rest rooms are immaculate and to rate the entire station for both cleanliness and safety.

We created the Sparkle Corps because *we know that clean rest rooms and a safe* station are as important to you as The Finest gasoline and service.

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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 11, 1962

A CUP BOAT



DEFIES CONVENTION

by CARLETON MITCHELL



The gray-green water off Marblehead, although still retaining the stored cold of winter, sparkled in the spring sunshine. Wispy hooks and streamers of cloud patterned the sky. Floats of lobster pots drifted with the current. Ashore, above rocks worn smooth by countless past gales, a lighthouse stood on the point overlooking the harbor.

Against this background, as traditionally New England as a Winslow Homer watercolor, last week appeared a most unconventional 12-meter yacht out for a first exploratory sail. She was Ross Anderson's *Nefertiti*, the newest of four U.S. boats that will vie this summer for the honor of defending the America's Cup against the challenge from Australia. As she heeled slightly to a gentle southeasterly breeze, all of us aboard knew tension. She had started from scratch as a concept little more than eight months ago and had been only an incredible 96 days "from the woodpile to the water," in the words of one crew member.

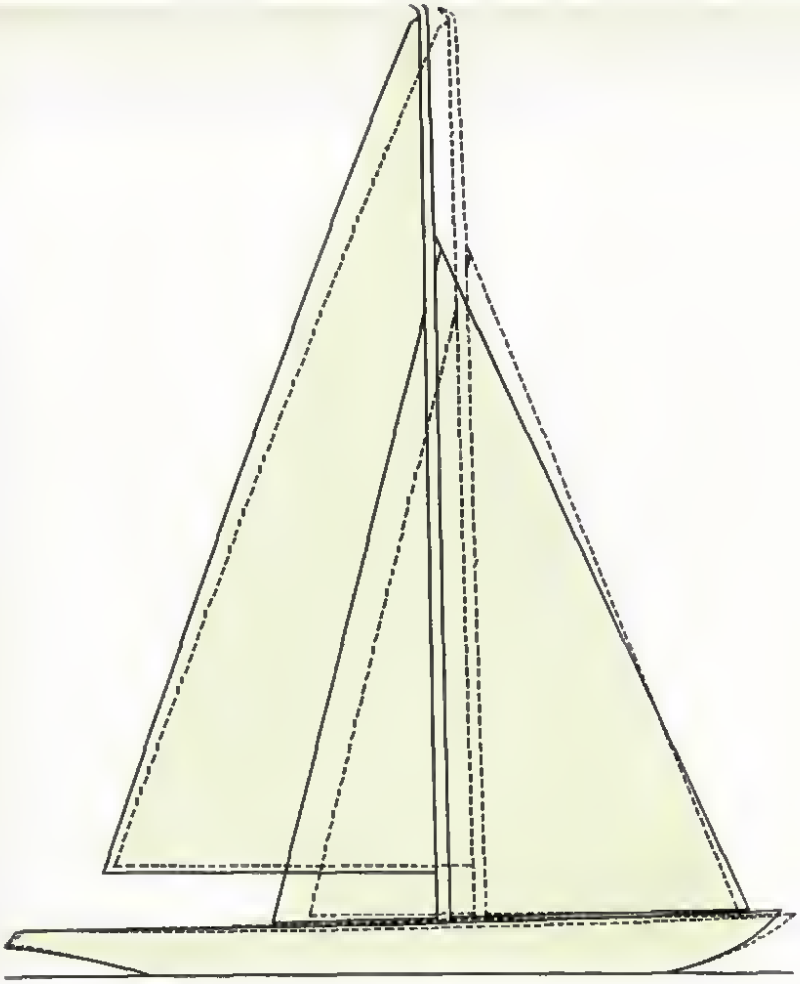
Heard at first were only sounds of a boat and the sea: the click of winch pawls, the thrum of lines coming taut, the creak of blocks, the plash of the bow wave. Designer Ted Hood at the wheel and the crew amidships were like conductor and orchestra waiting for a cue. Then something in the hull—a hint of power, a way of moving—communicated itself to all hands. Taciturn Ted Hood permitted himself a smile. "Feels quite light," he said, relinquishing the wheel to Co-skipper John J. (Don) McNamara Jr., "she's really sensitive."

Within seconds the ebullient McNamara wore a

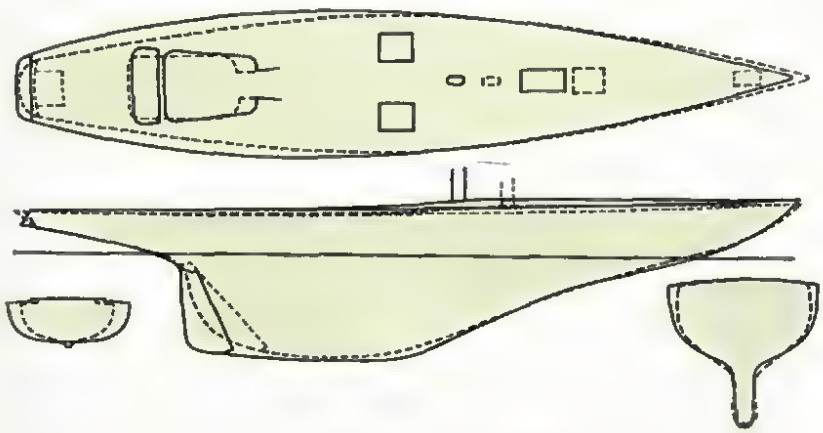
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On her first trial sail off Marblehead new 12-meter "Nefertiti" showed fine turn of speed in light air under direction of Co-skipper Don McNamara (10), Navigator Pete du Pont (9) and Designer Ted Hood (standing, in sweater). Unusually wide for a 12, "Nefertiti" carries beam aft to transom, providing better leads for genoa sheets, whose position establishes favorable shape for critical wind slot between main and genoa.

Photographs by E. Richard Mint



Mast of "Nafartiti" (solid lines) is stepped more than three feet farther aft than "Columbia's" (dotted lines), giving new boat bigger genoa, a possible advantage going to windward. Double cockpit (below) provides separate area for helmsman in broad after section.



Hull profile compared to "Vim" (dotted lines) shows high crown of deck, rudder placed farther aft with maximum blade width at bottom where there is less water turbulance. Though beamier than "Weetherly" both at transom and midships sections (left and right), "Nefartiti's" keel reaches down as deep as any of her rivals'.

grin the width of his face. "Stiff as a church!" he exalted. Everyone began to talk at once. Bubbles slid astern to form a remarkably flat and clean wake. From the foredeck Fred Lawton, who has spent over 20 years sailing 12 meters, reflected the grins aft. Builder E. Selman Graves squinted with obvious satisfaction at the passing water. Although all realized there could be no real measure of performance without competition, the conviction grew that here was a boat that would take some beating.

In *Nefertiti* Frederick E. (Ted) Hood has achieved a rare combination: beauty in an unorthodox—even radical—break with convention. For she is like no other 12-meter yacht afloat. Rival naval architects often have stated that the stringent provisions of the rule governing design in the class allow little latitude. *Columbia*, the last cup defender, was only fractionally different from her 19-year-old sister, *Vim*, and the other defenders launched in 1958 adhered to the pattern, as did Britain's unsuccessful challenger, *Sceptre*. But without throwing the book away—in fact, by studying it with the most imaginative viewpoint in recent history—Hood has come up with a boat that breaks the mold of convention.

According to Ted's father, Stedman Hood, who has a remarkable grasp of the obscure mathematics of the rule, "The design began with Ted's idea of what the sail plan should be." Since Ted is a sailmaker turned naval architect without benefit of formal training, this was perhaps natural, but automatically required an entirely new approach. In effect, the hull was to be principally a platform for carrying sails. To achieve the desired stability and efficiency in sail trim, more beam was indicated.

Yet here the problem gets tricky. Beam adds weight and wetted surface, both detracting from performance in round-the-buoys competition in light winds and smooth water. Even additional horsepower from the sails within the possibilities of the rule could not counterbalance a lumber schooner's hull. In Ted Hood's mind the challenge was "to provide beam without getting too heavy and to minimize and overcome resistance from more wetted surface."

The rule provides a minimum beam of 11 feet 10½ inches, but sets no upper limit. *Columbia*, *Weatherly* and *Easterner* measure exactly the minimum. Hood began tank-model testing with 14

feet, pruning it finally to 13 feet 3 inches, partially because sail-plan calculations showed he needed no more to achieve the desired platform. This increased width also permits more efficient trimming of headsails. The broader beam extends to the stern, which has the added advantages of providing even more stability and a longer waterline when heeled. But as the 12-meter rule is still a matter of compromises, *Nefertiti* must pay for her girth by a slight reduction of overall length.

Again thinking of providing optimum drive from the sails, Ted Hood stepped *Nefertiti's* mast more than three feet farther aft than usual practice, while moving the headstay as far forward as possible. This will provide bigger headsails than those carried by competitors. As an extra benefit the weight of the mast being more amidships should reduce any tendency to hobbyhorse or plunge in a steep head sea.

Bare as a bone

Elimination of excess weight became the special care of Co-helmsman McNamara. As he points out, "The laminated frames have been rounded to the minimum requirements of the rule. Bolt heads were cut off flush—we carried out 30 pounds of scrap. There aren't any doors on the galley cupboards because the rule doesn't say you have to have them." Below, *Nefertiti* is as bare as a well-chewed bone, the lightest boat of the quartet—57,500 pounds against a reputed 59,200 for *Columbia*.

This same ingenuity extends throughout the design and construction. The deck has been given the *maximum* crown allowed by the rule, and as mast height is taken from the deck those few extra inches are added free to the sail plan. Ditto a slight kickup to the bow. Three hollow compartments covered by bronze plates were cast into the keel, so extra lead trimming ballast could be added down deep, if needed.

All these innovations add up to a harmonious whole. *Nefertiti* has graceful ends and a pleasing profile. About her there is a look of power, a result of the effort to produce a boat that will be at her best when September winds freshen above 12 knots. Always in Ted Hood's mind were memories of *Columbia* walking away from *Vim* in the stronger winds of the final trials. In fact, everything about *Nefertiti* is well expressed in Don McNamara's description: "She is a gutsy cutter and not a delicate sloop."

continued

Because of rule change, by which measurement of spinnaker is now governed by size of foretriangle, "Nefertiti" can carry a chute that is 10 feet wider across the base than "Columbia's" biggest. Extra length on spinnaker pole allows leading edge of the spinnaker to reach farther out for more wind; and boat's extra beam, carried well aft, provides excellent leads for spinnaker sheets and guys.



Competitively, *Nefertiti* will begin with the advantage of Designer Hood aboard to supervise tuning, carrying sails woven, cut and built by Sailmaker Hood. Not only has the Hood loft produced more sails for 12s than any other, but the Shields clan paid Ted the compliment of ordering additional sails for *Columbia* the day after it was announced he would design a rival candidate.

Meanwhile, there have been so many alterations to *Columbia*, and the other boats, including switches in crews and skippers, that there is truth in the remark by *Easterner*'s owner, Chandler Hovey: "With all the changes all of us start out even again."

Columbia, in the forthcoming trial races, will have as skipper 28-year-old Cornelius (Glit) Shields Jr., who grew up racing small class boats, but last summer got the feel of 12-meter competition. At his side there will be the formidable presence of Designer Olin Stephens, a veteran of the past two cup defenses. Husky winch pumpers are available in depth, while Glit's father, Corny, and his uncle, Paul Shields, will always be on hand, watching from a launch or sailing *Nyala*, the trial horse.

As for the boat itself, on the basis of tank tests conducted by Olin Stephens during the past two years, *Columbia* has had her lead keel reshaped into a finer section, which Glit Shields describes as "like the bottom part of a seaplane pontoon, sharp forward and the V shape carried aft." A new mast has been stepped the spare from earlier campaigns—which is slightly stronger aloft. Deck layout has been altered for more efficiency, and new winches added. Sails in use are mostly by Hood, and "we will still go to Ted." Until proven otherwise, *Columbia* must still be considered the fastest 12-meter yacht in the world.

Easterner, the "if only" goat of the last trials, looks like she will again be unable to prove her full potential. Early in the season it was announced that Designer Ray Hunt and George O'Day, Olympic Gold Medal winner in 5.5s and holder of many other titles, would jointly be in full charge throughout the campaign. Owner Hovey, 82, was reported willing to retire from participation, along with various members of his clan ranging through grandchildren. Now it appears that the Hoveys will be back in force, with the same frugal policy of expenditures for sails and other gear. As dean of active American yachtsmen, Chandler Hovey harks back to the '30s aboard the J-class sloops *Weetamoe*, *Rainbow* and *Yankee*, when there was less emphasis on equipment and yachting was a more leisurely sport. While it is his privilege to resist the undoubted overemphasis in modern racing, and put family fun ahead of efficiency, it isn't a philosophy likely to gain *Easterner* the coveted role of defender.

However, alterations are being made to the hull and rig of *Easterner*, which might increase her speed through the water, already impressive on occasion. Interior weight has been removed and returned as ballast. Following exactly the opposite path from *Nefertiti* and *Columbia*, Designer Hunt is widening the lead keel over seven inches by means of a synthetic putty. The rudder has been streamlined into the keel, and the mast has been shifted aft 18 inches.

The greatest change in Weatherly will





Designer Ray Hunt (left) and George O'Day, a former North American sailing champion, provide "Easterner" with brains and imagination, but Owner Hovey is not, alas, providing enough money. Aboard "Columbia" (center) 28-year-old Glit Shields is training his young crew under the experienced eyes of his uncle Paul, (foreground), who owns the boat, and his father, Corny, who owns a nationwide reputation as a racing sailor. Bus Mosbacher (right), finest match-racing skipper in the history of America's Cup competition, has taken over the helm of "Weatherly" and has brought with him foredeck expert Vic Romagna to handle spinnaker.

be above decks, in the crew, although she, too, will have a new keel form. The new skipper will be Emil (*Bus*) Mosbacher Jr., master tactician of *Vim* when she almost upset *Columbia*. He was further sharpened by experience aboard *Easterner* during '61, which came alive under his touch to win the first races of her career (SI, July 17, 1961). Bus has brought along from *Vim* the Matthews family. Don as alternate helmsman, Dick as navigator, and father Jack as *adviser and expediter. In charge of the* foredeck will be Vic Romagna, who was accorded the unique tribute of being aboard *Columbia* for the cup matches after sailing the trials on *Weatherly*.

More weight below

Weatherly's problem has always been lack of stability as the wind freshens. Now weight has been eliminated above the waterline wherever possible—even the stern has been cropped slightly and added to a new keel. There have been minor changes in the rig, and new sails will be added—"all from Teddy, we hope," says Bus.

Since I have now had the honor of sailing on all four candidates for defense, the question naturally arises as to how *Nefertiti* seems in relation to the older boats. In the overall concept and layout of gear I agreed with Fred Lawton that "Ted Hood has done a fabulous job of creative thinking." *Nefertiti*'s genoa is so much larger than those of the other 12s that it hardly seems intended for the same class. Spinnakers will be proportionately even bigger. It is possible that king-size headsails could be a problem *in a close tacking duel, but otherwise* the advantages are apparent. Undoubtedly, on the day of the first trial sail, it was an enormous genoa coupled with a light hull that made *Nefertiti* seem to go so well in zephyrs that never exceeded eight knots. There was no sea to stop her, but from my experience with beamy hulls I doubt if it will so long as there is wind to provide drive—her weakest point probably will be going to windward in the slop left over from a dying breeze. When it blows I believe she will be a real powerhouse. While a few minor bugs appeared on the maiden voyage, I concurred with her builder, Graves, when he commented: "I don't see that there's much to be changed, so far." The wheel of *Nefertiti* is a dream: featherlight to turn, extremely sensitive and just a trifle of weather helm. Looking forward from the cockpit there is an amazing sensation of bigness, while the afterdeck is so spacious that Navigator Pete du Pont quipped, "We can paint some lines and play tennis when it's calm."

After the fiasco of the last challenge, when *Sceptre* died so lamentably off Newport, most people couldn't have *cared less what happened to the cup.* Now reports of the prowess of the Australian *Gretel* against known-quality *Vim* makes it appear that a serious threat to continued American domination is developing from Down Under. Meanwhile the scrambled boats and crews promise drama in the U.S. trials and possibly even better racing than four years ago. Bus Mosbacher feels so: "We've learned from each other. Boats, crews and skippers will be improved." But then he goes on to say reflectively, "The big question may be whether Teddy Hood has produced another *Ranger*, a breakthrough 12. He's never been wrong yet." Only competition will tell. **END**



THE HORSE RACE THAT A MAN MAY WIN

A classic challenge at a mila and a half, the Belmont proves trainers as much as horses. This year the men behind the entries ara a colorful crew





THE WINNING DERBY AND PREAKNESS TRAINERS, HORATIO LURO (LEFT) AND BUDDY RAINES, WILL MEET IN THE BELMONT

The Belmont is usually the least publicized of the Triple Crown races, but for horsemen it is the premier event on the Thoroughbred calendar. The reasons are simple: it is the longest classic race for 3-year-olds (a mile and a half) and is run over the country's finest racing surface. Belmont's track has a fluffy three-inch cushion that is not doctored to suit any particular horse. The winner in this Saturday's race will be the fittest 3-year-old in action, brought to that condition by expert training.

Each Belmont starter must be ready to exploit everything that breeding has put into him. Over long weeks his latent ability should have been slowly developed so that it will reach its peak on the day of the race. "To train a winner of the Belmont Stakes," says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the only living man to have trained six of them, "a man must have a way with a horse and not let the horse have its way with the man."

This Belmont may draw as many as 12 entries or as few as seven. In the field will be Decidedly, the winner of the Kentucky Derby, and Greek Money, victor in the Preakness. Oddly enough this will mark only the sixth time in 55 years that winners of the other two Triple Crown races have met to help dispute the Belmont. They will be joined by Jaipur, Crimson Satan, Admiral's Voyage, David K. and, possibly, Vimy Ridge, Daddy R., Roman Line, Green Hornet, Stinson Beach and Cyrano. Some of these horses have survived a demanding campaign that began in early winter at Hialeah or Santa Anita. Others were rested until spring for their assault on the rich 3-year-old purses. Some horsemen believe the way to a Belmont win is through racing hard and often; some don't. "It is my theory," says Johnny Nerud, who trained Gallant Man perfectly to win the 1957 Belmont, "that you can't dance every dance in the winter and spring and still win the Belmont."

This year's field comprises not only a diversified lot of runners but a colorful, successful and varied group of trainers. Decidedly's trainer, Horatio Luro, a 61-year-old Argentine, has long been one of the delights of the stable area. He rides to workouts on a stable pony,

continued



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sometimes in chamois, sometimes in tweeds, but always in a cap. Luro resembles a Latin lover sent to the lot of a grade B movie by Central Casting and is known around the racetracks as The Good Señor. He went to Europe when he was 10, accompanying his father, who owned and bred horses, then came to this country to stay in 1940. Two years later he claimed Princequillo for $2,500 and with him won the Jockey Club Gold Cup in 1943. Luro saddled seven horses for seven stakes at Saratoga in 1947 and won them all, including a stunning victory over Stymie and Gallorette with Rico Monte.

Luro takes lightly the excellent time of Decidedly's Kentucky Derby win. "I care only about the competition. My horse, he was a fit horse. That day, when I take him to the races, he does not know he is going to run until they play *My Old Kentucky Home*." After working Decidedly seven furlongs for the Belmont recently, Luro smiled and said, "It was a nice leetle work but seven furlongs is only the appetizer."

A few days later Luro worked Decidedly a good mile and a quarter and pronounced his colt ready to run the race of his life. "I throw out his Preakness race [in which Decidedly finished eighth], or I wouldn't be running him in the Belmont," says Luro.

Thoughts on strategy

The same day that Decidedly worked in preparation for the Belmont, Preakness winner Greek Money spun a mile and a quarter under Johnny Rotz in 2:04 ^{2}/$_{5}$. It was, according to another veteran Belmont Stakes trainer, Max Hirsch, one of the best works he's ever seen on that track. Later, when discussing strategy, Trainer Buddy Raines suggested that it would be Roman Line (if he goes) and Jaipur who will set the pace. "And I'll let Rotz do what he wants," said Raines. "The rider wins the Belmont anyway. I saw Arcaro win when everyone else took back, and Jaipur could do the same thing if everyone takes back from him." As for Rotz, he says he'd like to lay fourth or fifth for the first part of it. "But," he adds, "if the pace is too slow, I'll go right up with the leaders."

Raines is a man who will dance all night himself but uses his horses sparingly. His only previous Belmont starter was Greek Money's sire, Greek Song, who finished fourth in 1950. Raines went with horses when he was 10 years old. "I didn't have any education and the horses were a good life," he says. "I used to be out on the frying-pan circuit in Oklahoma. The only way you could cook anything was to stand with a fryin' pan in your hand and an egg in the pan. You'd catch some sagebrush, and by the time you lit it and cooked the egg, the brush would roll eight miles up the road from where you started."

Raines wanted to be a rider. He once galloped the mighty Cavalcade but, by his own admission, "I was a bad jockey." He is famous for wearing flat gray hats that give him the appearance of Hiram Hayshaker. "I wear these hats," he says, "for two reasons. The first is they go with anything you wear, and the second is that they don't cost very much."

Raines likes to tell stories, some of which may be true. He recalls that one night he "fell in love with a straw hat that a guy standin' next to me in a bar was wearin'. He wouldn't trade even up, so I gave him my hat and 10 bucks. I woke up in the middle of the night remembering that I had hid $200 under the band of my old hat, to keep it from my wife." Raines has been with Don Ross's Brandywine Stable for 26 years, during which time he once had a stable pony "that drank nothin' but Coca-Cola."

Raines probably will remain with the horses all his life. "We Raineses," he says, "don't like retirin'. My father is 89 years old and he's the oldest elected marshal in the U.S. He rides to work on the top of a wagon in Ashley, Illinois, and he worries so much about his job that he sleeps with his boots on."

Jaipur's trainer, 78-year-old Bert Mulholland, has started eight horses in Belmont Stakes and has yet to win one. His association with the George D. Widener stable goes back 39 years and is one of the longest continuous owner-trainer relationships in racing. From 1912 to 1921 he worked as a projectionist at movie houses and used to carry a spear in the acts between reels. "I went to Hialeah with the Widener string in 1926," he says, "and won my first race on a disqualification." Mulholland also has a reputation for moving a dull party up two lengths by playing the piano and singing. This year the Widener string is leading the country in earnings with nearly $350,000.

Widener's Jaipur is a son of Nasrullah, and, like most of this line, is liable to run as his temperament dictates, not as his jockey wants. After stopping badly in the Preakness he hung on admirably in the Jersey Derby, winning it when Crimson Satan was disqualified for lugging in on Admiral's Voyage. Jaipur has been beaten often "on the money," but any son of Nasrullah is capable of running a great race, and this week it just might be Jaipur's turn.

A running horse

It might also be Crimson Satan's turn to run two big ones in a row for the first time since last fall. "If he has regained his form," says no less an authority than Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones, "I'd have to pick him in the Belmont. You can say what you want about bloodlines—and sons of Spy Song don't figure to go a mile and a half—but if a horse can run, you can just throw breeding out the window." Crimson Satan's trainer, 32-year-old Gordon Potter, learned his trade under one of the nation's top horsemen, Tennessee Wright. In just two and one-half years he has trained winners of nearly $500,000.

There are Irishmen all over the U.S. who will bet on Vimy Ridge because he is trained by Tom Barry and because he was raised in Ireland. Barry has started two horses in the Belmont Stakes, Cavan in 1958 and Celtic Ash in 1960. Both won. He looks and talks like the Deputy Lord Mayor of Dublin and believes that foreign-bred horses will stay a mile and a half better than American-breds. The trainers of David K. and Admiral's Voyage are Burley and Chuck Parke, brothers from a family of 11 children born in Albion, Idaho. Five of the brothers went into racing, and Burley gained his fame by training Noor for four victories over Citation. He retired in 1950 and was lured back to training in 1959 by Louis Wolfson, the owner of Harbor View Farm. Chuck Parke rode the first winner that Fred W. Hooper's stable ever had, back in 1944. Thirteen years later he replaced another Parke brother, Ivan, as Hooper's head trainer.

Regardless of his training, Admiral's Voyage seems to have trouble going nine furlongs, let alone the Belmont distance, and David K. is in over his head.

This is a race at a truly classic distance, for hundreds of years the test of excellence in Thoroughbreds. It is consistently won by a horse—and a trainer—with class. In this year's Belmont that could be one of several.

WHITNEY TOWER
WILLIAM LEGGETT

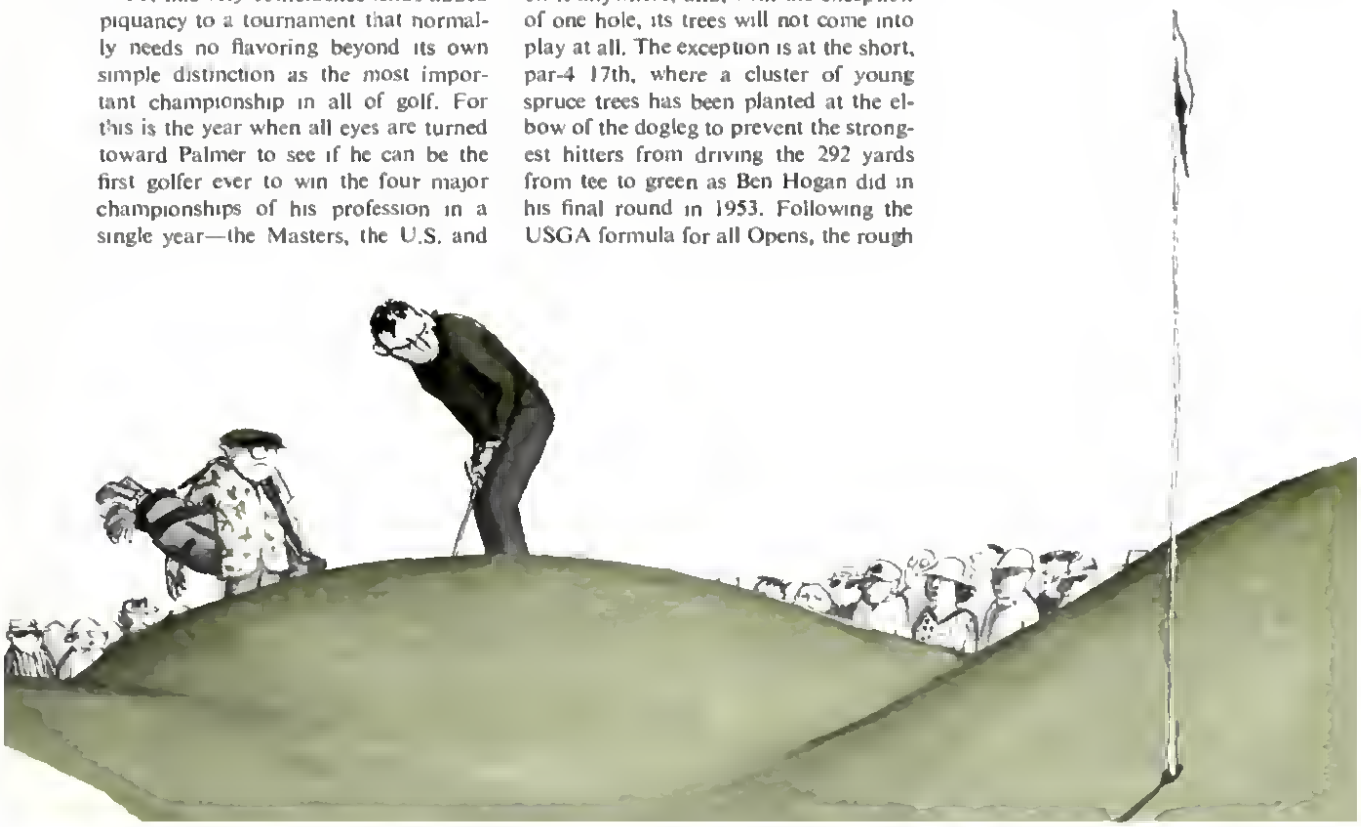


The Oakmont Country Club, whose golf course is spread across the rolling hills bordering the Allegheny River a few miles northeast of Pittsburgh, next week will play host to the U.S. Open golf championship for the fourth time since 1927. It is nothing more than coincidence that Arnold Palmer grew up only 40 miles away at Latrobe, Pa. and that he played Oakmont countless dozens of times as a young man and knows its devious contours like the shaving surface of his own face.

Yet this very coincidence lends added piquancy to a tournament that normally needs no flavoring beyond its own simple distinction as the most important championship in all of golf. For this is the year when all eyes are turned toward Palmer to see if he can be the first golfer ever to win the four major championships of his profession in a single year—the Masters, the U.S. and British Opens and the PGA. In 1960 he safely tucked away the first two but then faltered, losing the British Open by a single stroke to Australian Kel Nagle and finishing in a tie for seventh in the PGA. In 1960, however, Arnold did not seem to dominate his fellow professionals nearly so completely as he does right now.

Oakmont is a golf course with pitfalls galore—acres and acres of sand border its sloping fairways and embrace its immense greens. The course has no water on it anywhere, and, with the exception of one hole, its trees will not come into play at all. The exception is at the short, par-4 17th, where a cluster of young spruce trees has been planted at the elbow of the dogleg to prevent the strongest hitters from driving the 292 yards from tee to green as Ben Hogan did in his final round in 1953. Following the USGA formula for all Opens, the rough will be vicious, starting two inches deep at the edges of the fairways and increasing to five inches farther in.

Yet, as in the past three championships played at Oakmont, the winner will be decided on its satiny-smooth and undulating putting greens. Any one of the ranking golfers is quite capable of reaching these greens in par figures if he keeps the ball straight, but getting the ball in the hole in two putts or less on these grassy roller coasters will require infinite delicacy and confidence. There



CHAMPIONSHIP TRIAL ON A U.S. SAHARA

When the Open, the biggest of all golf tournaments, gets under way at Pittsburgh's awesome Oakmont next week, audacious Arnold Palmer and his colleagues will be matched against a desert of sand and some huge, fast greens that rise and fall like dunes. A 283 won the last Open there, and should again by ALFRED WRIGHT

are greens at Oakmont, for instance, where you can drop a ball vertically from the height of your forehead and watch it roll slowly, slowly but inevitably right off the green and possibly into a bunker without any help whatsoever. Because spring came late. Lew Worsham, the resident pro, predicts the greens will not be quite so fast this year as they were in 1953, but still blazing fast.

A look at the scores of Oakmont's previous three Opens will provide all the necessary evidence of its difficulty. In 1927 Tommy Armour and Harry Cooper tied for the championship after four rounds with winning scores of 301—13 over par! (Armour won the playoff the following day 76–79.) In 1935 Sam Parks Jr., who was a nearby professional and heavily fortified with local knowledge, was able to win with a score of 299. In 1953 Ben Hogan was low with a 283, and thus became the only golfer who has ever broken or even equaled Oakmont's par in a 72-hole stroke-play competition. In that same tournament a 23-year-old amateur named Arnold Palmer shot 84 and 78 on his first two rounds and failed to qualify for the final 36 holes of play.

Drawings by Marc Simont



Although Oakmont will measure just under 6,900 yards for the Open, it will not play nearly so long for the big hitters as some other championship courses, like the Augusta National and Oakland Hills, scene of last year's Open. The differences in total yardage are minor, but Oakmont's fairways tend to be firm and give a good roll to the ball by mid-June. The powerful men, like Palmer and Souchak and Nicklaus, can reach all of the greens, including the three par-5s, in two shots, and a lot more short irons will be hit to the greens in the relatively still air of the Allegheny Valley than is customary at most Opens. No, it isn't mileage off the tee but accuracy that will pay off in this tournament.

The one feature of this course that is most obvious and immediately awe-inspiring is the veritable Sahara of sand that covers the landscape. In the first years after the club was founded in 1903 by the late Henry C. Fownes, there were something like 350 bunkers. This was a time when the finest U.S. courses were using the famed dune-strewn links of England as their models, and that meant sand everywhere. Since then the number of bunkers has been gradually reduced; there were 250 by the time of the 1953 Open.

Most of Oakmont's bunkers are fairly shallow for drainage reasons, but Fownes and his associates soon discovered they needed further assistance in keeping rainwater from settling the sand and packing it hard. So they designed special long-pronged rakes that carved deep furrows in the sand. Once a golf ball lodged itself in one of these furrows, there was nothing to do but explode it out to a safe lie and sacrifice a stroke. Before the 1953 Open the U.S. Golf Association asked the club to rake the fairway bunkers smooth, on the theory that a player who is in a trap should have at least a fair chance to play a recovery shot to the green. At first Oakmont officials refused to do this—they were proud of this unique and punishing characteristic of their course—but the dispute was resolved in favor of the USGA. It was agreed, however, that there would be moderate furrowing in the bunkers bordering the greens, and that's the way it will be at next week's championship.

Since 1953 additional bunkers have been removed from the course so that today there are slightly more than 200 of them, but those that are gone would not have come into play among talented golfers. Recently another five bunkers were filled in at the request of the USGA to facilitate the handling of the galleries. Four important bunkers have been added. Two of them guard the target area on the first fairway, and one protects the right side of the second fairway. This short par-4 is one of the easiest holes to birdie, provided the player hits his approach to the front and right of the green and thereby leaves himself an

continued

uphill putt to the cup. The last new hunker guards the target area on the 9th fairway.

In addition to its furrowed sand, Oakmont is also widely celebrated for its "church pew" bunkers. These are a series of long narrow hazards running perpendicular to the fairway and separated from one another by only a strip of sod. The church pews between the 3rd and 4th fairways contain eight parallel hunkers stretching for a distance of 50 yards or so adjacent to the area where many drives are likely to fall (*see page 32*). Just to aggravate the problem, the fairways are canted toward the hunkers, and lots of well-placed drives have bounced from the center of one of these two fairways right into the midst of these grasping hazards.

Another justly famous hunker stretches for 100 yards along the left front side of the 8th green and covers nearly a quarter of an acre (*see cover*). Lou Scalzo, Oakmont's grounds superintendent, estimates that it takes a man an hour a day three days a week just to rake this one. That comes to an annual upkeep of $200 for one hazard.

Most golfers who are familiar with Oakmont dwell briefly on the sand as they talk of the horrors of the course but save the full flower of their rhetoric for a description of the greens. By any standards, the greens are enormous and treacherously contoured, and that is only the beginning of their duplicity. They are also as skiddy as a hairpin curve in a sleet storm.

"You'll never find a mallet-head putter in anyone's bag around this golf club," is one of the remarks often heard at Oakmont. Each putt requires such delicacy that only a blade putter can be used with any confidence. It is quite possible to tap a simple-looking putt from 12 feet away and wind up 20 feet on the other side of the hole with little but the weight of the ball carrying the putt blithely along.

A good example of what Oakmont can do to you is found on the 10th hole, a fairly innocuous-looking downhill par-4 measuring 470 yards from the back tee. Most of the good golfers who keep their drives straight will find themselves hitting to the green with no more than a five-iron. The trouble is that a perfectly executed five-iron that lands on the green will roll right off the back edge, for the putting surface slants ominously to the rear. Even if the second shot is left short, a delicate chip is still unlikely to hold the green. At least half the holes present nearly as slippery problems.

When Arnold Palmer played the first of his several practice rounds at Oakmont a fortnight ago along with his father and two friends, he said, "I didn't keep score, but I must have shot an 80." Despite all his experience with the course, he played the first three holes in four over par, three-putting each of the greens. Yet Palmer's main complaint concerned the bottleneck shape of the fairways, just where the long driver is most apt to hit his tee shots. "I don't see the reason," he said, "for continually penalizing the long hitter. Normally, it's the long hitter who is wild and the short hitter who is accurate. But some of these holes make it impractical if not impossible for the hitter to attack. I've worked for years trying to learn to drive the ball, and so what happens? I have to use a three-wood off the tees. It's definitely a driver's and a putter's course," Palmer concluded.

One must look among the drivers and putters, then, to divine the likely winner. Bill Casper Jr., who won the championship at Winged Foot in 1959, comes immediately to mind. This year he has been playing some of the best golf of his life and no one putts better than he, week in and week out. It should also be remembered that Casper has recently been using a blade putter instead of the mallet-head that was his standby for years. The Oakmont members will nod approvingly when they see this.

Casper's friend and neighbor, Gene Littler, the defending champion, is as consistently true off the tee as any golfer, and he has proved many times that he has the full vocabulary of shots an Open requires. Still his putting has been a sometime thing. If he feels right, he putts brilliantly; if not, he loses his confidence and seems pleasantly surprised when the ball gets near the hole.

Among the other fine putters competing are Jerry Barber, the PGA champion, and Doug Ford, both of whom must be considered serious contenders on a course like Oakmont, though neither is in the first or even second flush of youth. Those 36 holes of competition on the final Saturday are a mighty test for middle-aged legs. Ford will be 40 in August, and Barber was 46 in April. Aside from that, each has all the golfing technique and savvy he will need, and Barber especially tends to take heart on a course where the power hitters have no appreciable advantage.

Still, one must think of Palmer first when charting the form of the tournament. Lately he has been driving the ball better than ever before. Despite his protestations to the contrary, he is as fine a putter as there is in golf, and he knows the Oakmont greens. He will have had more practice rounds there in the weeks immediately preceding the tournament than any of the other serious contenders. As Grantland Rice once wrote about Oakmont, "It isn't a golf course whose baffling intricacies are to be picked up in a few days or a few weeks." Most important of all, Palmer wants this tournament as badly as he has ever wanted anything, and what Arnold wants Arnold usually finds a way to get.

On his first visit to Oakmont this spring, Palmer predicted that it would take a score of 275 to win the Open. But he quickly modified the figure to 280. Par at Oakmont for this tournament will be 36-35-71, although it has always been rated at 72 for past tournaments. The difference is that this year a few yards have been taken off the first hole and its par reduced from 5 to 4. Remembering that Sam Snead with a 289 and Hogan with his winning 283 in 1953 are the only golfers who have ever broken 290 in Open competition at Oakmont, it is difficult to see how anyone is likely to better the new par of 284 by much—if at all—this year.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

Oakmont's 5th hole is only 384 yards, but the target area of the fairway is jealously guarded by sand and the green is protected by both bunkers and a troublesome ditch. Please turn the page for more Oakmont terrors, followed by a visit to the course with some of its best-known members.





The tiers of deep and beckoning bunkers that crowd the left side of the third fairway (above) are known as the "church pews," but it is easy to fall from grace while in one. On the right is the arduous, 480-yard 9th hole, a sand-pitted par-5 that rises uphill to an immense, rolling green stretching the width of the clubhouse.



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Solving the psychological problem, says U.S. Steel's Worthington, is half the battle at Oakmont

by ROY TERRELL

A GOLF COURSE FOR MEN OF STEEL

They begin to arrive at the site of the 62nd U.S. Open this weekend, all those golfers with the famous names: Palmer, Player, Finsterwald, Casper, Nicklaus, Sanders, Littler, Bolt. These are the men who dismember par across the flat, hard courses of the winter tour and thrive on the lush, slow greens of springtime. They are the best players, as a group, that the game has ever known. Yet they will arrive frightened half to death, not of each other but of that tough golf course: Oakmont Country Club. Though the galleries that follow them will sympathize with the plight of the pros, it is worth remembering that Oakmont does not close down the other 362 days of the year. Another group of men with famous names, too, play the course all the time—and they love it. These are the steel executives of Pittsburgh. Golf is their sport, many of them play it surprisingly well and they have found Oakmont is a wonderful place to forget about that fellow, Jack Kennedy.

"Oakmont is a real challenge, but it's not unfair," says Leslie B. Worthington, the president of U.S. Steel. "My normal game is about 85—I have a 13 handicap —and although I can't shoot that at Oakmont, I don't really mind. Hardly anyone plays to his handicap at Oakmont. The greens are too fast. I just don't have the touch to putt properly there. I play the course perhaps eight

continued

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The Cradle of Freedom in Menswear



Sighting through the thick rough that grows right up to the greens, Pittsburgh Steel's

or 10 times a year. I wish I could play it more often."

Like most Oakmont members, Worthington has a certain amount of difficulty concealing his delight at the reaction of guests playing the course for the first time. "The problem is not entirely psychological," he says, "but that's part of it. Visitors have usually heard so much about the course that they are worried before they reach the first tee. Then they hit that No. 1 green and go right off the other side. It slants away from you, downhill, and it's literally possible to putt a golf ball off that green. After that, the shakes may stay with a fellow all the way around the course. As a matter of fact, the first time I played Oakmont, 20 years ago, that is exactly what happened to me."

For some reason, No. 4, a long par-5 with traps clustered down the whole right side, is the toughest hole for Worthington. "Every hole is difficult for me," he says, "but I seem to get in an awful lot of trouble there."

Edward J. Hanley, the president of Allegheny Ludlum, stays in trouble most of the time. He plays to a 28 handicap and seldom breaks 100. "I don't guess I'll ever learn this game," he says, "but I love it. I play every weekend and, for me, Oakmont is a course that a 110-shooter can enjoy. I don't find it any more difficult than some of the others.

"Let me tell you about No. 8," he says, speaking of one of golf's most famous holes, the one on this issue's cover. "I stand on the tee and all I can see is Sahara, that huge sand trap in front of the green. It must be the largest trap in the world. And then I think about what Walter Hagen did there in the '35. He went right into that trap; the ball was almost buried. So he walks in like he owns it and blasts out into the cup for a birdie. Well, I tell myself, I'm not Hagen, but if he's not going to worry about that bunker, why should I? So I just play the hole and enjoy it. I think it's a wonderful hole."

Blather from Avery

Not all of the steelmakers have as much trouble with Oakmont as Ed Hanley. Avery Adams, the chairman of the board of Jones & Laughlin, was once a scratch golfer, a contender in the annual club championship. Now Adams is 64 and his handicap is up to nine. "But if you're going to play golf with Ave Adams," warns Worthington, "don't you believe that blather he passes out about his golf game. He'll take you apart out there." Allison Maxwell, the president of Pittsburgh Steel, is in the same class, a fine amateur player who simply doesn't get out as often as he would like.



Lauterbach studies downhill putt

Onee Maxwell, too, was a scratch golfer.

"Those Oakmont handicaps mean something, too," says Donald C. Duvall, executive vice-president of Pittsburgh Steel, who is not a member of the club but plays there frequently with Robert E. Lauterbach, sales vice-president. "I have a 20 handicap, but I have a heck of a *time* breaking *100* at Oakmont. It's common practice to invite an 85-shooter to play the course, then bet him that he can't break 100 his first round. Man, there's a trap alongside No. 17 so deep that if you go into it they send someone along to help you climb out. Why, a man could disappear for days and days in there."

"It's a very deceptive course," says Lauterbach, who plays in the mid-90s. "From up here," and he waves out across the fairways from the porch of the graceful old clubhouse, "you can't see many of the traps. There are no tight out-of-bounds—I doubt that the pros will hit one ball out during the entire tournament. There isn't a single water hazard. There are very few trees that figure in the play. Most of the fairways are parallel. But just wait until the tournament begins.

"Those greens will be mowed short and rolled until you can barely stand on them. And look at the contours: the pin placements can be deadly. The rough has been allowed to grow until you can actually lose a golf ball three yards off the fairway. One guy was telling me that his score has gone up 10 strokes in the last two weeks, and don't think that the pros won't be in that rough, too. This isn't Augusta, these fairways are really narrow.

"Sure, they'll score well on some of the holes. No. 9 will be an easy birdie. They won't have any trouble with 14 and 17. But they'll be lucky to par 10 and 15, and some of the par-3s—8 and 16—are tough enough for anybody. I think it will be a great tournament. Everyone is talking about Palmer shooting 280 or better for the four rounds. Well, no one has ever come close to that except Hogan, with that 283 in '53, and I don't think Palmer is that much better than Hogan just yet."

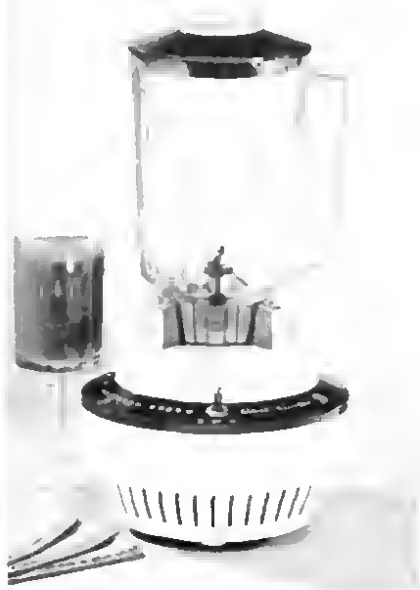
Perhaps none of the steel men understand the problems of Oakmont better than Stanley McCaskey, secretary of Allegheny Lndium and the current club senior champion. Twice runner-up for the club championship, McCaskey played at a three handicap until this year, is now at five. Once he shot the course in 70, although not from the championship tees. "I might have had a 69," he remembers, "but somebody in the foursome told me my score as we came up to 18."

McCaskey feels that Oakmont, despite its hazards, is a very honest golf course. "You are never penalized for a good shot here," he says, "nor rewarded for a bad one. But a bad shot doesn't penalize you unjustly; maybe half a stroke, on the average.

"There is only one really weak hole on the course, and that's No. 1. It plays to a par-5, but for the Open we have moved the championship tee forward and it will be a tough par-4. The pros will be hitting their second shot blind to the green. This was the big birdie hole in 1953, but I don't think we have to worry about that now. Of course this changes the par from 72 to 71, so maybe someone will go under Ben Hogan's 283, but I am not so sure. When Palmer stopped in for a practice round two weeks ago he said that he wouldn't settle for 280. Then he played the course and he changed his mind. And the greens weren't as fast then as they will be on June 14, nor the rough as deep.

"Oakmont will be a good test," says Stan McCaskey. "It always is." END

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VALIANT SIGNET prices start at $2,230*

Surprised? Many are. It's America's *lowest* priced hardtop with bucket seats. And the low price includes plush deep-pile carpeting, vinyl interior trim, cockpit type dash and plenty of room for five.

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Valiant won the Society of Illustrators' 1962 Styling Award. See it at your dealer's—you'll understand why.

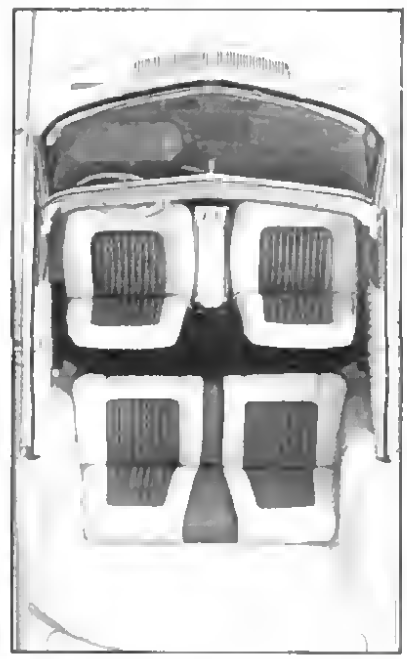
LANCER GT prices start at $2,257*

This spirited 2-door hardtop costs a little more than other Lancers, and it's worth every penny.

The way these cars are fitted with pleated vinyl interior trim, leather-grained all-vinyl bucket seats, padded dash and full carpeting, it's fun just sitting in them.

The big 170 cubic inch engine up front gives you the kind of power that costs you extra in many other compacts. It will clip along comfortably at turnpike speeds, but it uses gas sparingly, as a compact should.





DODGE POLARA 500 prices start at $2,960*

Nobody ever said ho-hum to this one. In fact, *Cars* magazine rates it "Performance car of the year!" Another professional comment: "Strictly a high-performance piece of automobile."

Notice the bucket seats? They're standard in the convertible model (above), priced at $3,268*.

One of the things the experts get excited about is the 361 cu. in. engine with 4 barrel carburetor. Another is the sure, steady handling of smooth Torsion-Aire Ride—still rated the finest in American cars.

We bet you'll fall for the two-tone all-vinyl upholstery and the aluminum console before you turn the key.

CHRYSLER 300
prices start at $3,323*

Rarely has a sports-luxury car offered more sporting blood and more lavish luxury than this one.

The 300 is a direct descendant of the big, powerful Chrysler series that holds an unequalled 7-year record for performance.

The convertible shown ($3,883*) has genuine leather bucket seats. A broad, plush armrest in front folds back and makes room for a third seat.

Outside it looks as sleek as a cat—a big cat. And it's sure-footed like a cat. For though this is a *big* car, its Torsion-Aire Ride gives it the deft, quick handling and smooth road-hugging ride of a sports car.

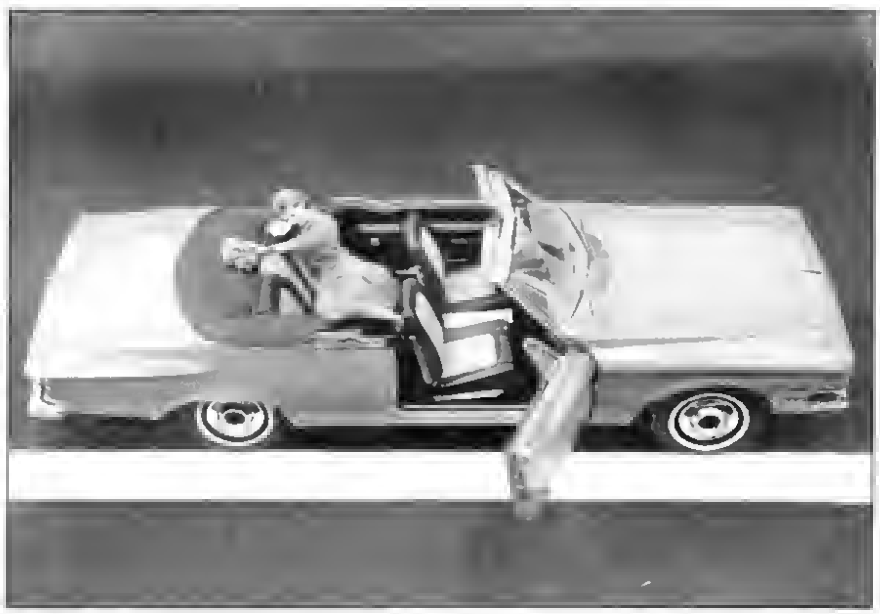


PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY
prices start at $2,851*

Don't miss this one. It's America's newest bucket-seat fun car. With debonair new styling and an action-loving Fury 800 V-8 engine—it's the most playful Plymouth ever made!

The convertible model shown ($3,082*) sports a texture-grained aluminum console between the front bucket seats, a safety-padded instrument panel, special trim and special wheel covers—all as standard equipment. Also a low-friction steering gear for the easiest turning this side of power steering.

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As Johansson lay in the ring through the referee's count at the Polo Grounds, Patterson almost literally jumped for joy. A year of torment and self-doubt was over. Dreary, exhausting hours of preparation and some last-minute dressing-room strategy had paid off. Herewith the third of three installments taken from the champion's autobiography

by FLOYD PATTERSON

BACK ON TOP OF THE WORLD

The year between title fights was a nightmare. Ingemar Johansson did more than knock me out. He made me think for myself. That's an awfully painful thing, especially for somebody who always had somebody else to do his thinking for him.

Until Ingemar knocked me out, Cus D'Amato was my mind, more or less. I had no reason to doubt anything he did or said because every minute of my relationship with him I was like a son being guided by his father. Eventually the son grows up. Inevitably he begins to think more and more for himself. Occasionally something happens that makes the boy become a man before it was intended. It is always a shock to the father, but after a while the father becomes resigned that that, too, is the way of life.

Nominally, at least, Cus continued to be what he always was, but actually I tried to show him that too many things had happened for me to allow myself ever to be completely in anyone's control again. I was Cus's boy, but in defeat and confusion I became my own man.

From the time I returned from the Olympics until after I had become the champion the first time, everything he said or did I accepted as right. I believed in his crusade against the International Boxing Club because I believed in him. I had faith in the way he handled me, and it was borne out by my climb to the top.

Oh, there were irritations along the way, naturally, but Cus usually would have some kind of complicated explanation for them, and generally I'd accept what he said. Frankly, in the early days, I didn't understand enough of what he was saying and I'd just agree blindly not to show my ignorance. Cus is a persuasive talker.

For a long time there were papers signed involving me in various business matters that I didn't know anything about. That was all right with me because I sincerely believed it was my business to fight and Cus's to manage. Some of them cost me money, and I didn't even mind that. Cus had helped me to make a lot of money. I couldn't even get sore at him in his maneuvering for the Brian London fight and the change of promoters and site. It cost me a lot of money.

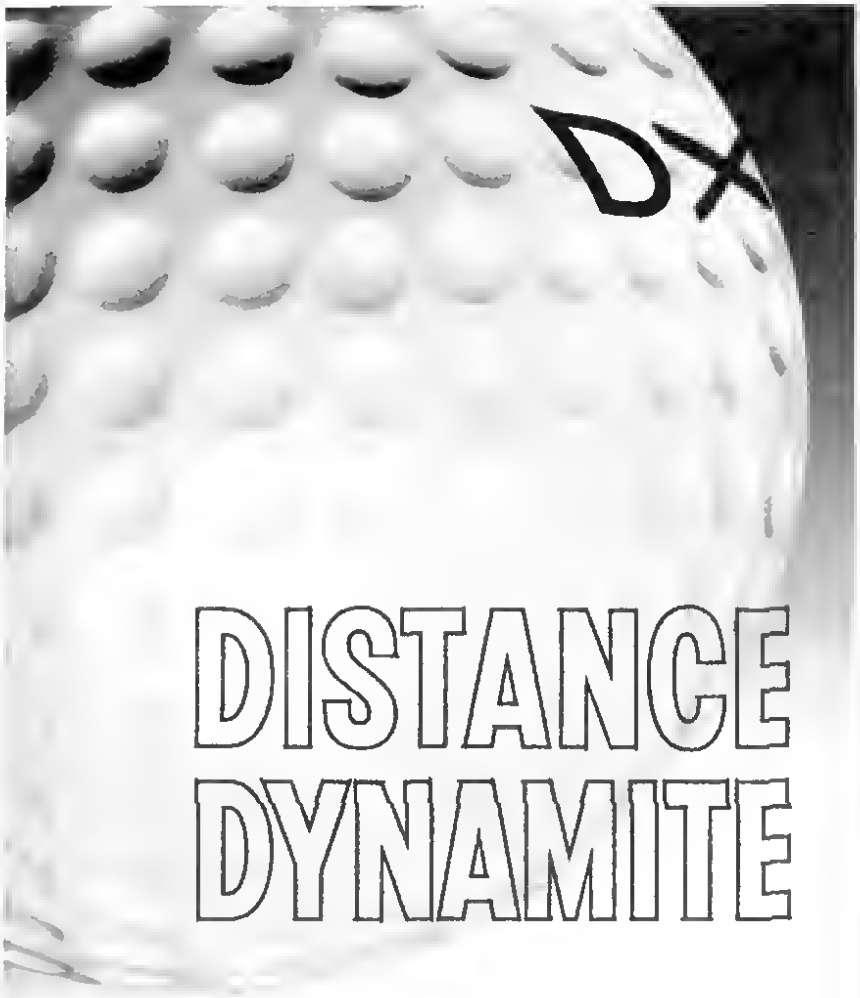
I wanted a warmup for Johansson, but I wasn't too proud of what came out after the fight. I could say this was kind of an alarm clock for me—the beginning of a sort of awakening that made me look at myself in relation to Cus.

I was terribly embarrassed by that fight and all the circumstances surrounding it. First there was London being met at the airport in New York by D'Amato's representative and kept away from the

continued

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newspapermen. Then London winds up doing his early training before going to Indianapolis at Cus's Gramercy Park Gym. He works out with my own sparring partners and is trained by Nick Baffi, who is a good boxing man but happened to be a friend of Cus's and a former business associate. Once when I was sparring at the gym Cus came around to see me, and who should be with him but the man who was going to be my next opponent.

We had guaranteed London his expenses and purse. Hardly had London returned to England when he told the newspapers there that Cus had originally guaranteed him a second shot at me if he would agree to let my manager manage him. I believed Cus when he denied that story. I still do, but only weeks before I was supposed to get into the ring with Ingemar the first time, another bombshell had exploded, which Cus didn't try to deny, just explain.

In a book that was written for him in Sweden, Johansson revealed that to get his match with me he had had to agree to take on an American manager suggested by Cus. It turned out to be a man named Harry Davidow, who used to be D'Amato's partner in the Gramercy Gym many years before I started fighting. Davidow, who had been out of boxing for 15 years and was running a luncheonette in Brooklyn at the time, was to get 10% of Johansson's purses and be allowed to select two opponents for him for the next five years in the event that Ingemar beat me.

Once the news of this undercover agreement broke, Cus explained he had no direct or indirect money interest in Ingemar. One paragraph in a three-page explanation was the following:

"I thought it would be better if Johansson had an American manager whom we both could trust. I recommended Harry Davidow as a former associate of mine who knows the boxing business, as well as being thoroughly honest and reliable. The terms of the agreement are strictly Johansson's and Davidow's."

I can say this from the bottom of my heart. Those terms and any and every word in that agreement were not mine. I did not know Davidow. Until Johansson revealed the terms I did not know such a man as Davidow existed or that such a contract existed. When Davidow

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GOODYEAR

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applied for a license before the New York State Athletic Commission on May 22, 1959, a little more than a month before my fight with Ingemar, it was disallowed.

I liked that decision. I didn't want any friend of my manager's being in Johansson's corner. I understood that Cus had acted to protect my interests, but I truly sympathized with Ingemar. It would have been a terrible injustice to him to have been forced to have Davidow. It was an injustice to me to have even a suggestion of that kind of a shadow fall across my reputation.

If I was concerned about my reputation then, before the fight, imagine what I must have thought of it afterward, when I not only was beaten, but other things came out which made me wonder whether I'd ever get a second chance to prove myself. About the middle of July things began to appear in the papers that left me completely bewildered. When names like Vincent Velella, "Fat Tony" Salerno, Frank Erickson and Gilbert Lee Beckley began showing up in the stories, I didn't believe them.

But then, before long, the district attorney, attorney general and New York State Athletic Commission came into the picture and I began to see that at least some of it was true. Salerno was a gangster. Velella was his lawyer. Erickson and Beckley were gamblers with police records. I kept asking myself, "What could they have had to do with the fight or the promotion or with me or my manager?"

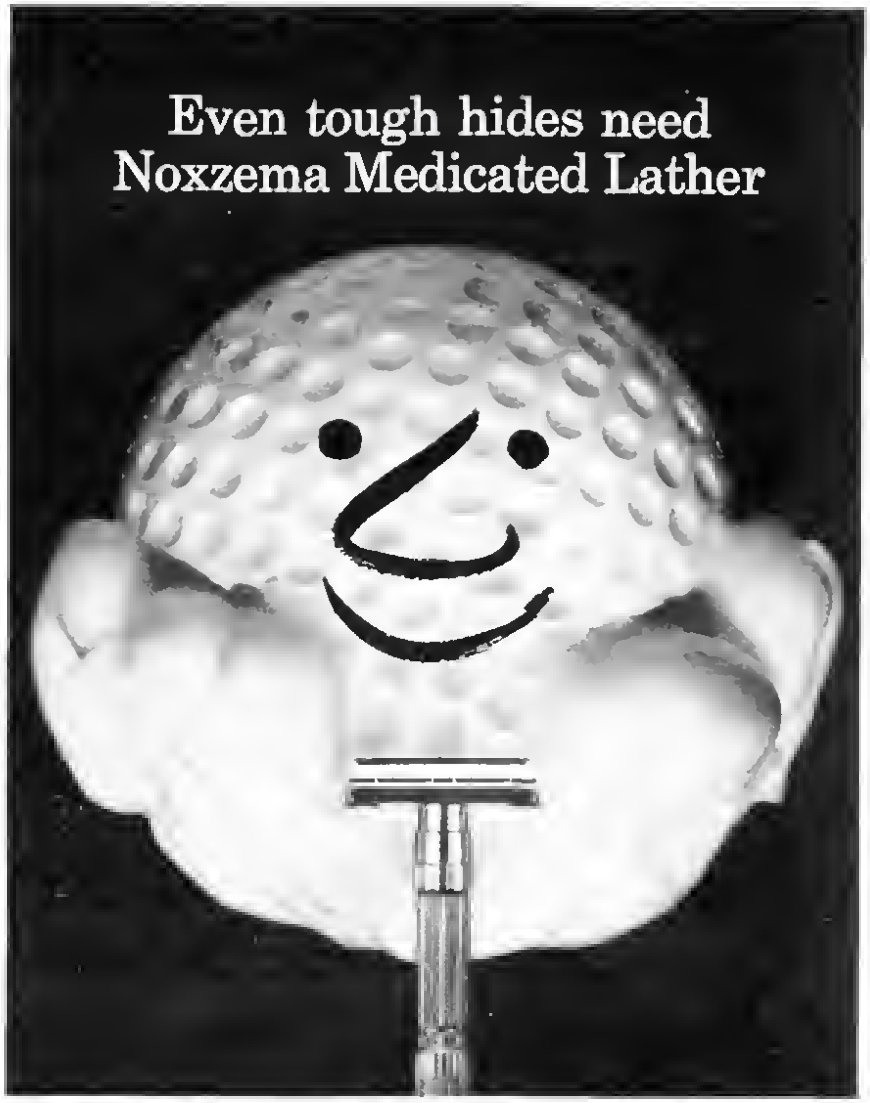
I began to ask Cus questions. "Is all of this true?"

"I was only trying to protect your interests," he'd tell me. "I had nothing to do with Salerno, Erickson and Beckley."

As the picture developed, I had to face it. Through Bill Rosensohn, who promoted the fight, Velella had become a partner in the promotion. Somewhere, somehow, Salerno had come into it. I began to see that maybe Cus had been taken by his friends. I didn't mistrust Cus then. I don't now, but I did begin to develop a mistrust of the people around him for whom Cus always did favors.

I knew I had to take stock of how things had been between Cus and me. I had to weigh how much he had meant to me for so many years against the mistakes I realized he had made, and it got down to the conclusion that Cus made

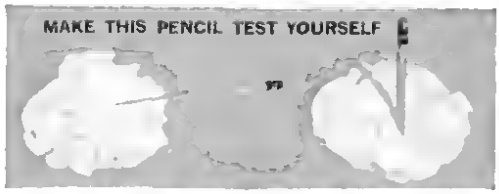
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And Noxzema saves you money. It's concentrated—gives you far more lather per can. Try it! Also in Brushless and Lather.

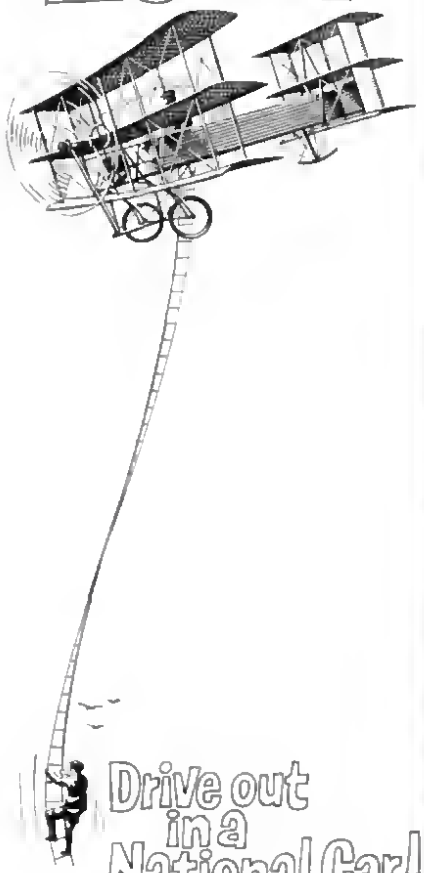


Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and scrapes—irritates skin.

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some bad decisions but also many good ones.

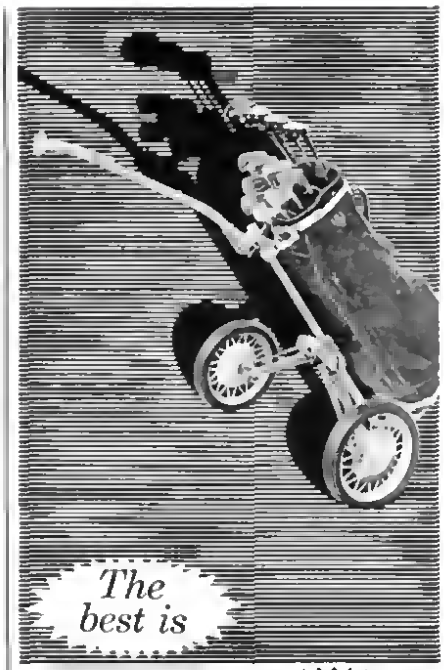
In the black months between the first and second Ingemar fights, I didn't see Cus as often as before I lost the title. He found it difficult to accept my new attitude. We argued a bit, but little by little I had to begin depending more upon my own decisions, and it just happened that the jolt of the Johansson defeat hastened the process.

Let me say here, so that nobody gets any other ideas, that as long as I keep fighting, Cus will continue to be my manager. I listen to any suggestions he makes and if they're good I accept them, just as I accept advice from my attorney, Julius November. A lot of people in boxing have concluded that November has replaced D'Amato as my manager. That isn't true. Mr. November is a lawyer, nothing else.

During the many months of lonely training to win back my heavyweight title I had to prepare myself emotionally for what lay ahead of me. While I was the champion I never felt like a champ. Not until I lost the title did I begin to understand properly how much it was that I had lost. I didn't want revenge, which is something I'd never seek, but I did want redemption more than I'd ever wanted anything else. Of course, I would remember the right hand that knocked me out and the first man who ever was able to do it, but not the way Ingemar thought I would. He thought less of me as a fighter because he'd won. I thought more of him, but no less of myself.

I decided to alter my style of offensive fighting to nullify his style of defensive fighting. At first I was bothered by one little thing. I didn't seem fast to myself, certainly not as fast as I used to be. I came in against Ingemar at 190, the heaviest I had ever fought in my life. Weight is supposed to rob you of speed, but the weight properly distributed in the right places gives you power, and that leads me to another of my preparations which led to my victory. If you remember, in the first fight Ingemar kept sticking his left hand into my face. It wasn't a hurting jab, just an annoying one. It spoiled my concentration, upset my timing and, together with my own doubt that he had any right hand, left me open for the punch which separated me from my senses and my crown.

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on my side, I decided I should jab just as much as Johansson. My jab had become a hurting jab so that it could be a real offensive weapon. If Ingemar's right was kept busy on defense he certainly couldn't be throwing it at my chin. One other adjustment in my style had to be made. In the first fight I fought out of a crouch, from which I can bob and weave better, but from the crouch I could not reach Ingemar with a punch unless I closed with him. If I crouched less I could be right on target.

It all seems simple in the telling and it turned out to be relatively simple in the doing, but there were months of sweat in the preparation and many more months of making all the little things fit together.

As we drove to New York City the day before the fight, I didn't have that *feeling* of mental *laziness* I had had the year before as I rode to my meeting with Ingemar.

There was a kind of contentment in me born of the conclusion that I was as mentally, emotionally and physically prepared as I could be. Ingemar was favored this time where I had been a 5-to-1 favorite the other time, but the odds meant little to me. What meant more than anything else is that I appreciated I had come through a bad year better for what had happened to me than worse.

That fight upset a lot of people's notions about me—including Johansson's. If Ingemar expected me to be cautious, I gave him a quick surprise right at the start. There was an exchange of a couple of light jabs when I charged right after him and got in a hard left hook to his head which drove him into the ropes. *I ripped a couple into his body.* One of my hooks cut the skin under Ingemar's left eye and the body attack had his left side an angry-looking red.

Right away I knew more about Johansson than I had been able to learn in our first fight. Once he threw the right hand at me and I blocked it. I could see a look come into his eye. It was the look of a man who understood that things were going to be different this time. This time I meant business. I had the feeling that every time I connected to his head or face I was making him dizzy, and in the first fight I hadn't been able to hit him at all.

Now, before I had come out of my dressing room, we had planned a little last-minute strategy. It wasn't spur-of-

continued



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the-moment stuff because we had talked about it at camp. It was simply this. If Ingemar should land a solid right hand on me I was to pretend to be hurt and retreat to make him think that what had happened in the first fight was happening again. Then, if he came at me as wide open as he did while I was floundering in the first fight, I would suddenly spring into action and catch him unawares.

Early in the second round that did happen. Ingemar hit me with the right, only this time I saw the punch coming, ducked a bit and the blow landed too high on my head. Momentarily I was stunned, but not enough that I wouldn't know completely what was happening. My legs sagged and I staggered a bit. My immediate reaction when I'm hit is to go forward and retaliate, but then I remembered our plan and clinched.

When Referee Arthur Mercante broke us out of the clinch, I started to play coy. I backpedaled, waiting for Johansson to come at me carelessly and winging, but maybe the idea had gotten across to him by then, too, that he wasn't fighting the same guy who had been so easy for him 12 months earlier. He didn't come to me.

Instead I could see another shadow pass across his eyes. I won't say it was fear, the kind he had said would have to be seen in my eyes because he had knocked me down seven times. But it certainly was something that kept him from coming to me when it seemed the opportunity was there.

So his chance passed, the only one he had for the rest of the bout. From that point on the only time he scored against me was when he flicked out his jab. From the third round some of those who were close enough to the ring to see our faces clearly have said there was a look of amusement, almost contempt on mine. That's not correct. I was never amused. Fighting is a serious business. I never held Ingemar in contempt, although I knew with every feeling within me that it would be only a matter of time when I would force him to bring his guard down from his face and crash my fist against it again.

In the third I worked on the body hard. I was rushing him faster, getting inside so that he couldn't move away from me out of range before I could start pumping. Once he threw a right hand at me, but he was going away and it was short. Just before the round ended I got him with another left to the head and

another one to the body. His strength was going out of him. I could feel it.

In the fourth round I was even hurting him with jabs, which we had counted on happening. Midway in the round, Ingemar's eye, which I had cut in the first, began to swell and it seemed only a matter of time before it would close. His corner must have thought so, too. During the rest period they applied an icebag to the eye. It was the last rest period Ingemar was to have in that ring—on his feet.

I thought I could get him fast as we came out for the fifth. In the fourth he had put a sad smile on his face. Maybe the spectators thought he wasn't thinking too much of me even then, but I knew better. Only a hurt fighter or a silly one smiles when another man's trying to punch him. Ingemar wasn't silly, but he was hurt.

He tried to hold as we opened the fifth, but the ref broke him off me. I jabbed Ingemar a couple of times before letting go with a hard right to his body that caught him square. Johansson dropped his guard to protect his body and I jumped in close and brought a left hook up to his jaw.

As soon as the punch was started I knew he would be hurt if it landed. He took the count of nine on one knee. Inside me every bit of determination I could muster was stirring. I could hardly wait for him to come to his feet. I was on him as soon as the referee waved me in. He was clear-eyed, but he wasn't too steady on his feet.

My punches turned Ingemar around. In that moment of excitement I could have been excused if I had kept punching at him and maybe hit him on the back of the head or neck as he had hit me for the second knockdown of our first fight. Instead of doing that I spun him around and then let go with the final punch of the fight. People have since asked me if I have ever thrown a harder punch. I can't answer that. I know that I have never tried to throw a harder punch. It landed squarely on his jaw and his head snapped to his left from the force of the blow. He went over backward, his feet flying in the air. He must have been unconscious before he hit the canvas. I knew I was the champion of the world again right then.

There was the matter of the count, though. When Ingemar was in training he had bragged that if he hit me on the chin again, the referee could count 100 over me and I wouldn't get up. Nobody

continued





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ever bothered to figure out how much the ref could have counted over him. I went to the neutral corner, but as the referee's hand tolled six and Ingemar still lay flat on his back without any movement to get up there was no doubt the fight was over.

Actually, though, even in that greatest moment of my life, fear came back to me again. I was scared I had hurt him badly. As he lay unconscious on the canvas I could see blood trickling from the corner of his mouth and his left foot was shaking like he was having a fit or something. I had knocked out men before, but I'd never seen anybody shake like that. I was frightened.

This I know. Nobody else could know it, yet for me it was a moment of greatly mixed and confused emotions. I know, too, that as the ref reached 10 at 1:51 of the round, I turned to the fellows sitting in the working press and shouted down at them. It's been said I was gloating. It wasn't so much gloating as the supreme satisfaction of having proved myself to them.

That moment passed quickly. I ran to Ingemar still lying on his back, with his handlers, a doctor and the referee around him and bent down over his quiet body. *I* don't know *if* he heard me. *I* don't imagine he did because I read later he was out on the canvas for four minutes, three more on his stool and a long time later after he'd been taken to the dressing room.

However, I just had to say to him, "You definitely will get a third fight."

He did, too. The third fight took place on March 13, 1961 at Miami Beach. It was one of my worst performances and I had hoped it would be one of my best. The critics don't have to rate me. I rate myself. I'm not the kind of a man who cries, at least I don't do it where anybody can see it, but why *is* it that you can get to a certain point where everything physical and your mental attitude seem to be perfect, then you get into the ring and do nothing? After that fight I went back to the house where I was staying and all of a sudden I wanted to fight Ingemar again the very next night. I knew that it would be different. It was like he had just disregarded me and run over me in that first round.

What happened to me that night is that I discovered I am a moody fighter, which is something I didn't know before. I

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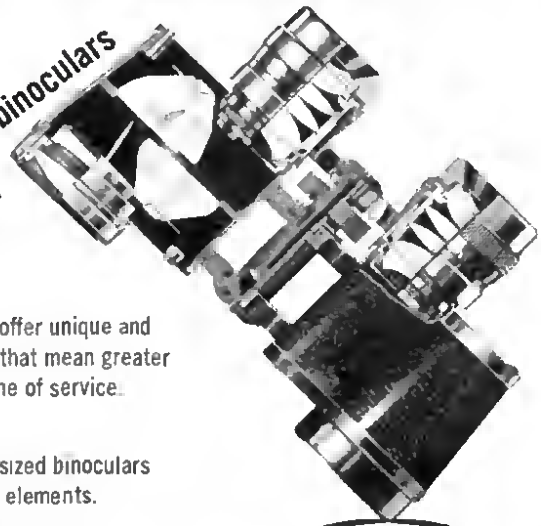
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know now that every time I fight I must create a mood. My interest in Ingemar that night was almost at an alltime low, something like in the first fight when I took him for granted. It took me weeks to begin to understand that maybe that was the worst part of me against the best part of him. If that was the real him and it wasn't the real me then I didn't do so badly.

However, once I reached that conclusion, then I had to ask myself, "Which is the real me?"

Is it the man in the ring or the one outside of it? Is it the fighter who will isolate himself from his family for months on end while in training or the one who wants to watch his kids grow up more than he wants anything else? Is it the boy who once thought that if he had $300 in his pocket he'd have anything any man could desire, or the one who has learned the hard way what it costs a champion to live? Is it the one who would quit boxing tomorrow if the Catholic Church decreed against it, or the one who knows how much he owes to a sport? Boxing is supposed to be a dirty business, but it has made me clean and enabled me to do some good for others.

I know how far I have come from the darkness of the cellars and subways and the fears which used to haunt me and still haunt me now and then, but I'm no longer afraid because I know now that nobody can do for me what I can do for myself.

I have crowds with me now—a manager, trainers, sparring partners, lawyers and accountants. Some of them are still with me when I climb the four steps up into the ring and wait for the opening bell. But then it sounds and they're out of the ring. The lights go out all over the arena, except for those that come on over the ring, and then you see the rosin dust rising upwards and the man coming toward you from the corner. And then it is only me against him. I am the world champion. But I am alone. Is there any other way? **END**



This is the final article from Patterson's autobiography, written with Milton Gross and published by the Bernard Geis Associates ($3.95).



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The charter captain perched high in his lookout tower scans the water beyond the wake where the baits are skipping. There is a sudden flash of sunlight on a dark sickle cutting through the waves—the fin of a giant marlin. The captain calls down and the faces of the boat boy and the man in the fighting chair grow tense as the fish comes in on the baits. The man's left hand tightens on the rod, his right hand seeks the reel handle. This is the moment of climax: the quest for the fish has suddenly ended, and the battle for the fish's life will at any instant begin. It is not a battle that a man wins easily, as proved by these pictures of Eugene Ballif of Los Angeles. Ballif hooked the fish, a 768-pound Pacific blue marlin, off the Kona coast of Hawaii and the fight required all his skill as well as expert boat handling by his captain. Beginning on page 59, the renowned angler, Eugenie Marron, who has earned 15 records for fish caught the world over, shares the lessons in boating and fishing that she has learned in a lifetime on the deep sea.









Adventure on the Deep Sea

by Eugenie Murron
with Virginia Kraft



Drawings by Tony Ravielli

Whenever I think of fishing I think of great adventure—of tuna sounding deep off Nova Scotia's ragged coast and big marlin, like the one opposite, thrashing on the surface of the blue Pacific. I experience again the excitement of pulling in a 430-pound bluefin near Barnegat, N.J. in 1936 and learning that it was the first giant tuna ever caught by a woman off the U.S. coast. I recall, too, some of the absurd things that have happened on the water —a guest jumping from the dock onto the boat and landing in a hamper of sandwiches; another guest, impeccably dressed, miscalculating the distance and stepping off our pier straight into the water. Especially I remember the moments of freedom and release I have felt on the sea, and the peace I have found there.

Rarely do I think of thunderheads, or combers in a narrow inlet. Yet I am an oldtimer on the ocean. I have experienced its delights, but I have also met its dangers. There was a storm off Peru that sent water washing over our bow and into the cockpit for 10 hours until we finally made port; there was the hopeless feeling of groping through a fog close into the coast of Maine. There have been moments when I was exhausted by the sea, and quite a few when I was frightened by it.

Experiences like these emphasize a basic truth of blue-water boating: most of the dangers of the deep sea occur because they were not anticipated. Almost every time I have been in trouble or seen others in trouble it was because a mistake had been made. Sometimes it was a mistake of the moment, but more often it was a mistake brought about by lack of planning or of basic knowledge.

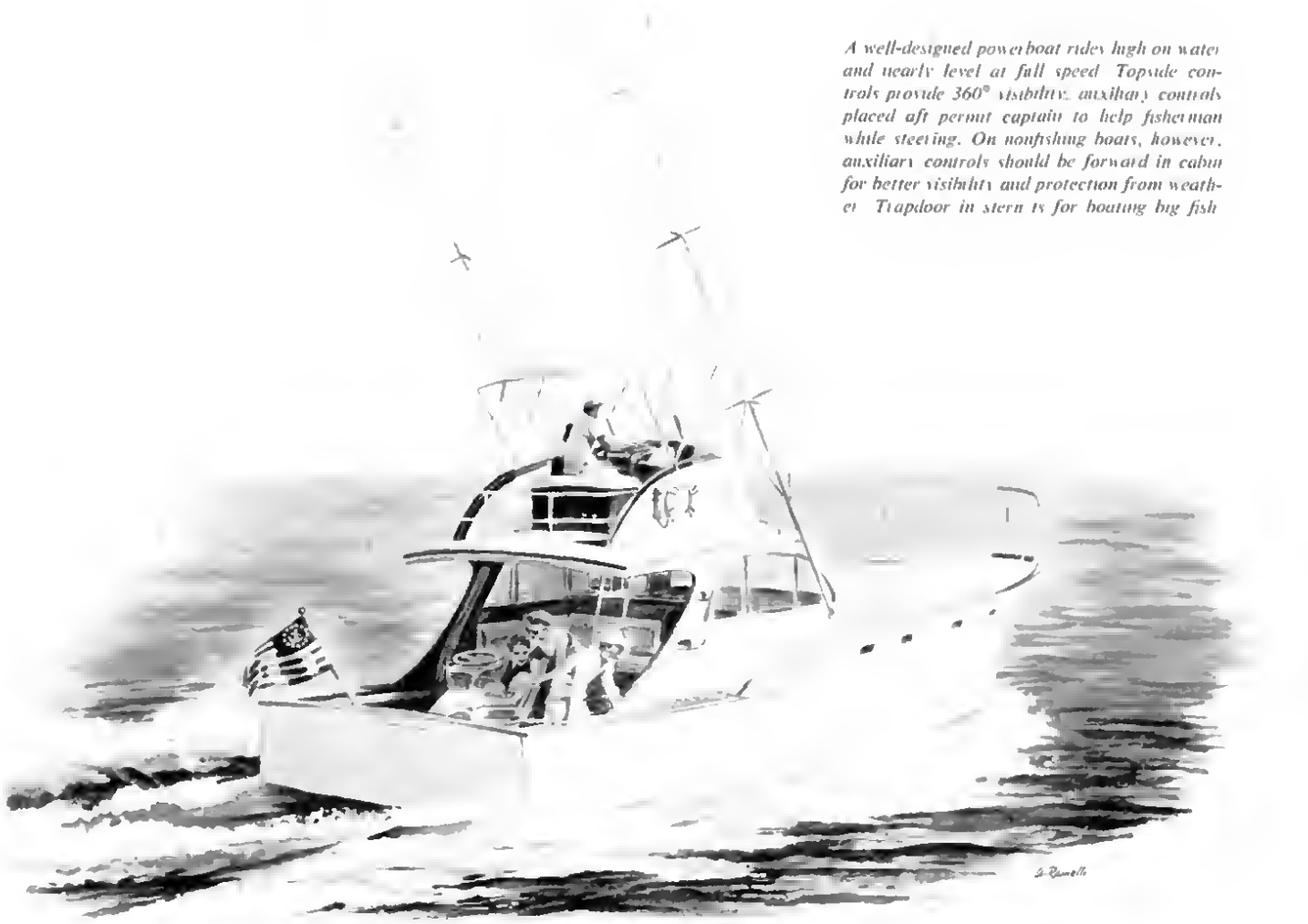
In order to avoid these mistakes endless preparation goes into each expedition my husband Lou and I make, whether it is for two days of pleasure boating or two months of scientific research. First we study everything, from the fish we want to catch to the waters we will navigate. We talk to people who have been in the same areas, consult museums and read every pertinent book we can find. We get long-range forecasts. Then, before leaving shore, we check newspaper, radio and Coast Guard reports for current conditions. If high winds (30 knots and up), thunderstorms or heavy rains are indicated, we may postpone the trip.

We make a complete check of our boat and gear. Because they were in good condition the last time out is not a guarantee that they will be this time. Boards and ribs rot, connections leak or break, bolts and fittings come loose. Between periodic overhauls at a good shipyard many of these points can be checked by an owner. Very often he can make minor repairs himself—tightening loose screws on metal stripping, replacing worn dock lines, checking fuses and other electrical connections.

Naturally, our chief concern is that a boat be seaworthy. But we also want it to be comfortable, because we know that what may be discomfort on land is misery at sea, and boating should be fun, not an endurance test. Over the years my husband and I have built 16 boats (*Uncle Lou Builds a Dream Boat*, SI, July 30, 1956). By the time each was afloat we were thinking about the next one, not because we couldn't make up our minds but because each time we go aboard a boat we find some new way to make it more comfortable or more seaworthy. Right now my ideal boat is not even on the drawing boards, but I have some definite ideas about it.

My first interest is the design of the

continued



A well-designed powerboat rides high on water and nearly level at full speed. Topside controls provide 360° visibility; auxiliary controls placed aft permit captain to help fisherman while steering. On nonfishing boats, however, auxiliary controls should be forward in cabin for better visibility and protection from weather. Trapdoor in stern is for hoating big fish

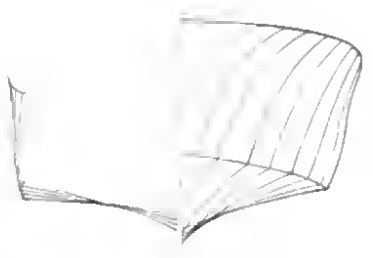
Powerboating *continued*

hull, because this, rather than size, determines seaworthiness. In the past a rounded bilge was generally considered more dependable than a shallow V bottom in rough seas, but the V was considered to be faster and more maneuverable. To a fisherman this is a major factor. The solution is a modified hull design that combines dependability with speed.

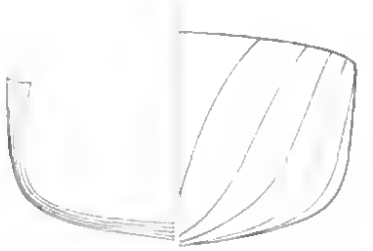
Fortunately, the country's top boat builders are turning out just such modifications today. In the North, where inlets can be dangerous even in the finest weather, they have developed a modified rounded bottom; in the South, where the sea is kinder and the fishing—particularly for billfish on light tackle—perhaps a little faster, they prefer a modified V bottom (*see diagrams*). The accent in both is on broad beam and good balance. A well-designed powerboat (one that is not bow-heavy, stern-heavy, or overburdened with superstructure) should plane like the one shown above—high and light on the water.

My ideal boat would definitely have twin engines. Two motors cost more than one to buy and install, but they guarantee a boat greater safety and maneuverability. Although some yachtsmen may disagree with me on this, I would not build a big powerboat with anything but diesel engines. I grant that the initial cost and the weight of the engines are greater, but so is the safety factor. Unlike gas, diesel fuel is almost impossible to blow up. Nevertheless, certain fire precautions are only common sense; with gas engines, they are mandatory. Before fueling we stop smoking, open the hatches and run the ventilating blower for at least 10 minutes. We use drip pans under the motors to keep fuel from saturating the hull, and a filter (*page 62*) to prevent foreign particles and water from getting into the tank. We make sure the engines are free of excess oil and grease and scrub them regularly with a liquid detergent. We also keep a close check on the exhaust pipes, which tend to develop leaks quickly on a diesel. Most important of all, we check our fire extinguishers before every trip.

Our present boat, the *Eugenie VIII*, is equipped with an automatic CO_2 system and an alarm, both of which go off if the engines become too hot (they shut off by themselves when temperatures drop). There should be a system like this on every big powerboat. It is not a substitute, however, for portable extinguishers. We keep half a dozen dry-charge hand extinguishers mounted in easy reach in the wheelhouse, salon, sleeping quarters,



Modified V bottom is good for light-tackle fishermen, or powerboatmen whose primary requirements are speed and maneuverability.



Modified rounded bottom is considered slower than the V but is favored in rough seas and in narrow inlets, where turbulence is severe.

next to the controls and in the galley. We have had to use them only once, but they may well have saved a life.

At the time, we were fishing out of Puerto Lopez, Ecuador, and the sea was very rough. Jo Manning of Coral Gables, Fla. who was doing research with us for the University of Miami, was starting to cook lunch. As she bent to light the galley oven, it exploded in a burst of flame, igniting her shirt, apron and hat. In the few seconds before we put the extinguishers to use, Jo's arms, hands, neck and face were badly burned. In a few seconds more, we would have lost her altogether.

We have never been sure what caused the explosion—someone may have stumbled against the gas cock earlier in the day or only partially turned it off, or Jo herself may have permitted gas to escape a moment too long—but we do know that we would never again build a boat with anything but an all-electric galley. No other cooking method is safe. Alcohol can be dangerous because it is so highly combustible. Kerosene is just as easy to overprime and flood as alcohol. And propane gas has so little odor that a leak is hard to detect.

We would definitely have topside controls for ease of navigation and safety, especially in bad weather. In a very high sea it is just about impossible to steer a boat from below because of spray splattering against the windshield. Even in good weather, visibility is much better from an elevated position, this is particularly important when anchoring and docking. Both maneuvers are difficult in any craft but demand absolute precision in a big powerboat. In choosing an anchorage, pick a spot far enough from other boats to keep from hitting them should you swing around on your mooring. The best approach is dead into the wind. Come in slowly—big boats have lots of momentum but no brakes—and watch your wake. The wake of a big boat moving too fast in a harbor can damage other boats by banging them against pilings and seawalls. When you have reached your chosen position, stop while the mate drops the anchor overboard. Once it is in the water, slowly reverse until enough line is out (at least seven times the depth of the water).

To pull up the anchor, move the boat forward slowly while the mate gathers in the line. When the bow is directly over the anchor, the mate should make fast the line. The skipper then guns the engine forward and immediately cuts the throttle. This usually breaks the anchor's hold on the bottom. If it doesn't on the first try, repeat the procedure. Remember that the boat, not the mate, is supposed to do this job; don't lose him overboard by expecting him to free the anchor with his own muscles.

Approaching a dock, the rule again is to reduce speed to the slowest steerage way, and make the approach at about a 45° angle. Before reaching your intended berth, put the boat in neutral and turn the wheel away from the dock. The boat will glide in on its own momentum while the stern swings parallel to the pierhead. Be ready to reverse, if necessary, but don't count on reverse to correct an incautious landing.

When leaving the dock, remember to clear your stern before swinging away, unless you want to smack it into the pilings. Always blow a long blast on the

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Fiber Marketing Dept., 261 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

horn when coming out of a blind exit or when leaving a busy wharf; and keep a constant lookout for other boats. Again, topside controls make the latter job easier.

The location of auxiliary controls is optional. We prefer ours out in the cockpit (*see page 60*) rather than forward, so the captain can be close to the fighting chair when a fish is on. We also prefer low freeboard because it is such an advantage in handling and boating fish. But I would have higher sides on the cockpit of a purely pleasure craft; it is too easy to fall overboard from a shallow cockpit, and even seasoned deep-sea sailors have done so.

I remember one tuna fishing trip we made off Bimini. It had rained earlier in the day and the decks were slippery. Our captain had just come from below when suddenly I heard a splash. Before my husband could slow the engines, the captain floated past my line. He grabbed it, and I boated my first man. Since then our decks have either been coated with nonskid paint or an adhesive-backed sheeting called "Safety-Walk" to make them less slippery.



Fuel funnel with filter holes prevents water and dust from entering tanks. Keep nozzle in contact with funnel to prevent static sparks.

Handrails on the tower and bow are added safety measures. But even with all these precautions, I have seen people go overboard. The best advice I can give is to be careful, and be sure you have a good handhold in rough water and after dark.

If someone does go over the side, swing the wheel immediately toward him

continued



THE CLEAN WHITE SOCK

You can't really trap a man that's "clean white sock." He knows how to ease out of a rough situation and look like he's enjoying it. His style is his own; his clean white socks are by Adler. The observant sprite likes both. Underfoot is the Adler SC shrink controlled wool sock. $1.00.

ADLER

THE ADLER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO · IN CANADA: WINDSOR HOSIERY MILLS, MONTREAL









3 OUT OF EVERY 4 TOP AMATEURS PLAY TITLEIST

At the 1961 National Amateur Championship 152 of the field of 200 players used Titleist. Only 18 used the second most popular ball . . . In fact, for the past three years, more than 70% of the Amateurs have played Titleist in this tournament . . . Top competitors play Titleist when it means the most. You should, too.



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only



Big-game fishing outfit includes sturdily mounted fighting chair with a removable back, solid footrest, auxiliary rod-holders in arms; kidney harness straps to reel; swordfisherman's hat protects angler from sunburn.

Powerboating continued

(this throws the stern and propellers away from him), then reduce speed and toss out a life ring. At least two rings should be stowed outside of the cabin in easy reach of the helmsman. Each ring should be equipped with 75 to 100 feet of line, a floating light and whistle for night rescues. Aim the ring *near* the man overboard, not at him. (If you hit a swimming man's head with a thrown life ring you probably will not see him again.) Maneuver the boat upwind of the person being rescued, then cut the engines so you *drift to him.* In bad weather this is hard to do correctly and you may have to circle several times to get in proper position. Under no circumstances reverse the engines or back down on the man in the water, since he may be caught in the propellers. Once alongside, any kind of long pole (a mop handle is fine) will do to pull him in.

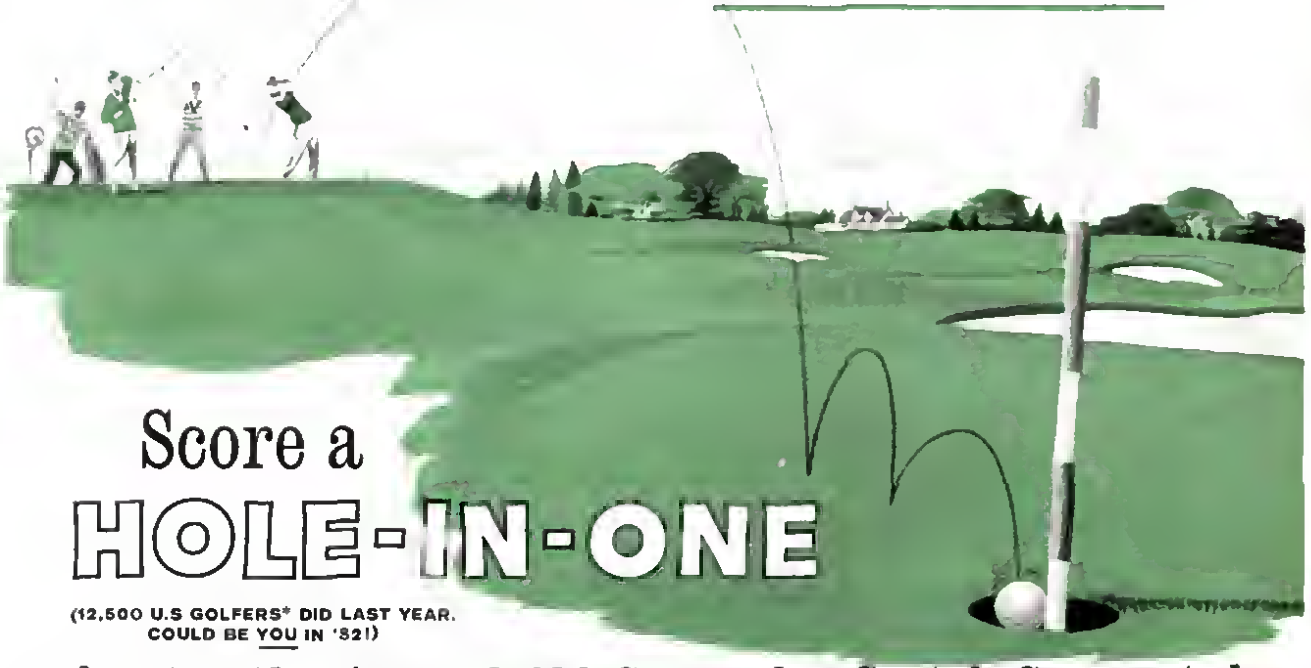
For boats that navigate offshore, I cannot stress too strongly the importance of a good compass, properly cared for. Just last year I was forcefully reminded of this necessity while fishing for broadbill off Cuttyhunk. Early in the day our local guide decided to lower the canopy that covers the bridge. It was the first time we had had it down since building the boat five years before. On the way back to port we ran into a heavy fog, we kept moving, navigating by compass, but were unable to find any familiar markers or buoys. After an hour of wandering around, taking soundings, comparing them to chart depths and double-checking our position on the radio direction finder, we finally pinpointed ourselves on the chart. Then we took a compass bearing on a visible marker, checked it against the chart and discovered why we had gotten lost. The iron braces of the canopy, which lay piled forward of the compass, *had thrown it off a full 15°. Any* metal object set next to a compass can do the same thing. And even if you have been careful about protecting your compass, you should still have it examined and compensated by an expert at least twice a year.

For blind navigation, radar is wonderfully helpful, but expensive. We had no trouble spotting the boats equipped with radar at a very foggy fishing tournament off Block Island a couple of years ago. Every one of them was followed back to the dock by a procession of craft that lacked the device.

Besides knowing where you are going in fog, it is also important to let other boats know where you are. At the first

continued

WiN a Golfing Vacation for Two in Scotland



Score a HOLE-IN-ONE

(12,500 U.S GOLFERS* DID LAST YEAR. COULD BE YOU IN '62!)

and enter the Annual Old Smuggler Scotch Sweepstakes

Imagine playing such world-famous and historic courses as Scotland's Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews, the very cradle of modern golf—seeing Edinburgh Castle—visiting the banks and braes of Highland lochs—being a guest at Dumbarton, home of Old Smuggler Scotch!

Well, once you've shot your hole-in-one, these and many other thrills may be in store for you and your chosen companion.

As befits Scotland's *other* most famous export, the makers of Old Smuggler Scotch have sponsored the Annual Hole-in-One Scotch Sweepstakes to encourage American followers of golf, the Scottish national game. And *yours* could be the winning entry in 1962.

So swing often and swing true for your one-stroke score. And just for luck, drink a toast in Old Smuggler at the 19th hole—it may bring ye to Scotland afore you know it!

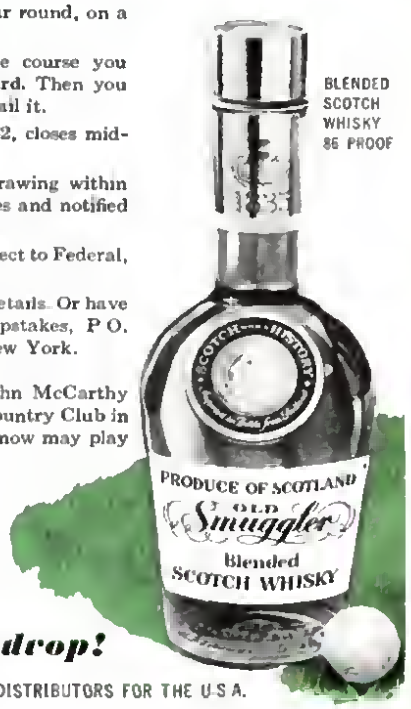
And the Pro at the course you played gets $1,000, too!

**Figures estimated on basis of 10,131 holes-in-one officially reported, as of Oct. 31, 1961.*

Here's all you do to win 2 round-trip flights to Scotland and $1,000 spending money.

1. Score a hole-in-one in a regular round, on a qualified regulation course.
2. Have the professional at the course you played fill in the **official entry card.** Then you sign it, have him validate and mail it.
3. Contest starts January 1, 1962, closes midnight Dec. 31, 1962.
4. Winner chosen by blindfold drawing within 30 days after close of sweepstakes and notified by mail.
5. Old Smuggler Sweepstakes subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
6. Ask your professional for full details. Or have him write: Old Smuggler Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 21 D, Mount Vernon 10, New York.

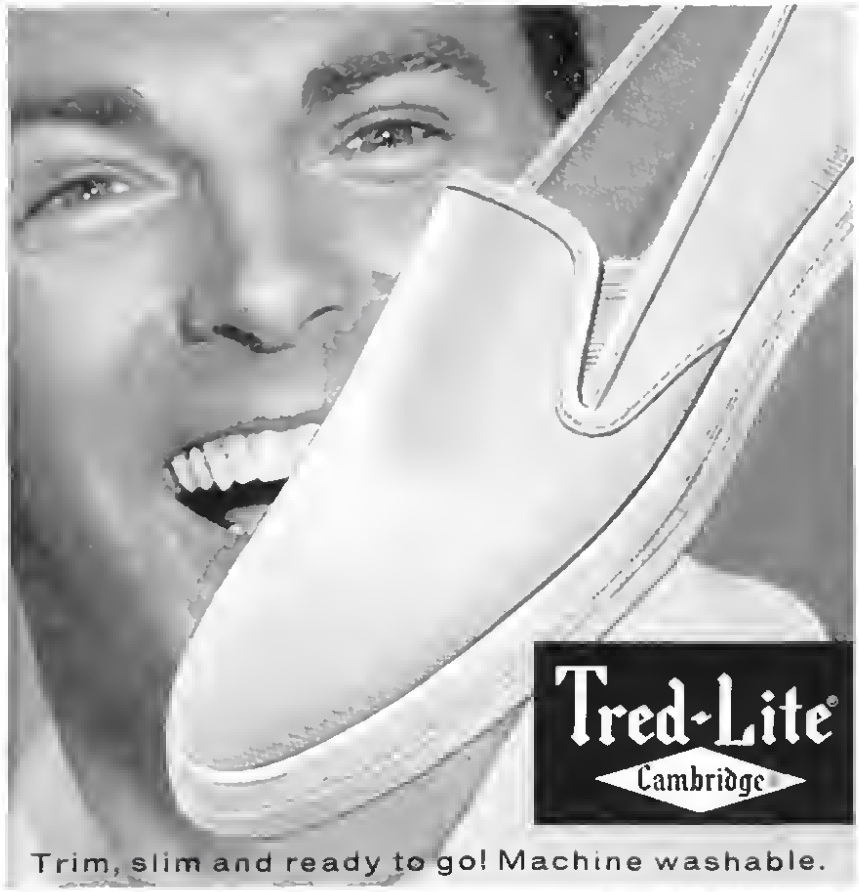
LAST YEAR'S WINNER Mrs. John McCarthy scored at the Quincy (Illinois) Country Club in her home town—as a result, she now may play St. Andrews in Scotland!



OLD Smuggler

...careful, don't waste a drop!

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y. • DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.





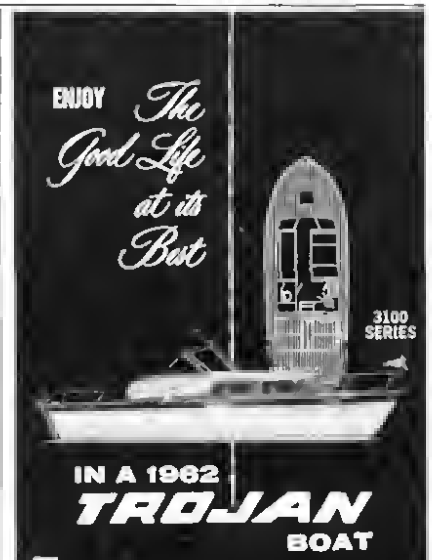
Whether you step outside or drive for miles, carry family eats and drinks in a cooler by Cronstroms. Rigid construction; thermafiber insulation; food trays; bottle openers; modern catches; convenient handles. Buy the best. Aluminum, steel or expandable polystyrene.

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THE MARK OF COOLER VALUE

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1,500,000 Cronstroms Coolers in Use!



TROJAN boats are designed by marine architects, painstakingly constructed of finest materials by experienced craftsmen and lavishly equipped and styled to provide you with more boat for your boating dollar. They're available in all "most wanted" sizes from 21 to 36 feet; 2, 4, 6 and 8 sleepers; single and twin engine options; planked, lapstrake or smooth sides — express, sedan or fishermen layouts. Send for your free catalog today!

TROJAN BOAT CO. • LANCASTER 26, PA

indication of fog we turn on a 32 volt searchlight (the light is also a help in making night landings), and we use a long-range, electrically operated foghorn. While under way, we keep our speed to little more than a crawl and sound the horn at least once every two minutes; when stopped, we sound it once every minute, and when anchored we ring a bell constantly.

A good foghorn has another advantage for deep-sea sailors, who are often



To prevent line from backlashing when fish makes run, angler puts hand on top of reel to control line as it peels off, but is careful to keep fingers from going under reel drum.

traveling in coastwise steamer lanes. If a big vessel is headed in your direction, blow the horn to let it know where you are. Then, as soon as you determine the course the ship is on, get well out of its path and its wake. A 30,000-ton freighter may be hard for a small boat to overlook, but the reverse is not necessarily so, particularly if the freighter is on autopilot.

Most powerboats today have an automatic bilge pump, but a high-capacity hand-operated auxiliary pump is still a necessity. Automatic pumps have a habit of breaking down just when you need them most.

Always have aboard a compact but complete tool kit. We were grateful to have one on a Mexican charter boat some years ago. A foul-hooked sailfish took us 30 miles offshore before we realized it was almost dark and the wind was turning into a gale. Our engine chose this moment to blow a gasket. We might have spent the night at sea but for the captain, who had just the right tools along to improvise a gasket from tar paper and grease and get it into the engine in time to beat the storm home.

Many boatmen make the same basic mistake we made on that trip—going offshore too far and staying too long. Unless for some reason you really want

continued



Try these for kicks

For fun in the water, Voit gear is almost as essential as a pair of swimming trunks. The basics for anyone past the wading pool stage are swim fins, snorkels, and masks.

For all these, Voit is a long-time leader. It's part of our full line of on, in, and underwater equipment. There's Voit swim-and-dive gear for the home pool tyro . . . or the deep sea skin-diving pro. Exclusives range from a snorkel that clears *clear* . . . and a mask with one-way water exhaust valve . . . to super fins with two-plane action for that powerful feeling.

Whatever your status in the swim, choose from the long line of Voit equipment . . . your kicks won't be complaints.

AMF VOIT®



There's only one way to find out what you want in any new product

You have to be asked. And that's why Brand Name consumer goods manufacturers invest so much time and effort in research.

These dependable companies are deeply concerned with *your* needs and wants. So, they use every kind of consumer research to learn them. Door to door surveys. Phone interviews. Form letters and questionnaires. Continual market testing. *One result:* convenience packaging. Today, you have foil pans, measuring caps and snip-off spouts, pushbutton containers, tear tape, synthetic wraps, boil-in-the-bag plastic pouches and even color-coded packages.

Count on Brand Name companies. They're leaders — in new products — new ideas — and quality (of course). They're the authorities on style and fashion. Be sure to look closely at the ads in this magazine. You'll see what we mean.

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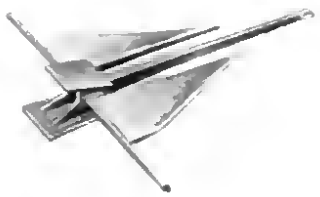
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to ride out a storm or spend the night on the water, head for home early, even though it means cutting a fish off your line. If, for reasons good or bad, you do find yourself caught out in a blow, remember that with proper handling a good boat can ride out the roughest seas. On every ocean, however, there is at least one hot-rod skipper who thinks he can outwit or outmuscle the sea. What he may achieve instead is the destruction of his boat. The fastest way to do this is to plow full speed directly into a heavy swell, instead of slowing down and taking the waves slightly off the bow. If head-on tactics do not succeed in scuttling the boat, there is yet another way. That is to run before a heavy sea at a faster speed than the waves, instead of slowing down so the crests slide harmlessly under your stern. In fact, if the waves are big enough and you gun your motors hard enough, you can actually shoot right over the crest of a big comber and drop your boat bow-first off the

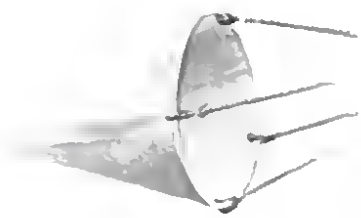
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Plow anchor has single fluke, is hard to stow but is very reliable when ample scope is used.



Compact Danforth is popular anchor, combines light weight with good holding power.



Funnel-shaped sea anchor keeps bow of boat into weather for riding out storms offshore.



BRENTWOOD has in mind every Dad who ever missed a two-foot putt for this Gene Littler knit golf shirt made with Creslan. What comfort! And such ever-lovin', ever-lastin' colors! Plus stay-in-shape form. It's Creslan that does it in this easy-going blend of **50% Creslan acrylic fiber, 50% Corval rayon** . . . makes this Brentwood knit great to give, great to have. Cyanamid makes the Creslan acrylic fiber; Brentwood makes the shirt. American Cyanamid Company, New York.

CYANAMID
Creslan
LEADING ACRYLIC FIBER



Corvette owners are not necessarily the most carefree people in the world, but there are moments when every Corvette driver must think himself thrice blest. Here's a car that, more than any other, has an uncanny ability to erase the day's cares and woes and whisk its driver far, far away. Turn on the key, engage first gear and step on it: Good-bye office, hello better things of life. We'll make no attempt to analyze the chemistry of such a phenomenon; it's all blurred by things like the feeling of wind on your face, the sound of the Corvette exhaust, the cyclone surge of a truly great V8 engine. We will be more than happy, however, to direct you to your nearest Chevrolet dealer to sample a Corvette. Look at it, sit in it, drive it, and you'll find that we haven't exaggerated a bit. We couldn't exaggerate these things if we tried. (Radio, as shown, optional at extra cost.) . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

far side. This practice is about as safe as going over Niagara Falls, either in or out of a barrel.

Then there is the skipper who tries to run broadside to a swell. If his boat doesn't roll over and go straight to the bottom his crew's breakfast probably will. Even pilots like this should know better than to back into a following sea, but I once saw a Sunday skipper do exactly that off New Jersey. Divers eventually recovered almost everything of value on his boat.

There is one good rule we learned long ago about really rough water. If we can't make shore and the sea appears to be more than we can handle under way, we throw a sea anchor (*see page 68*) off the bow and wait out the blow. A sea anchor also comes in handy if you should



Fighting small fish on light tackle demands secure footing, perfect balance. Angler wears belly pad to hold rod butt, braces knee against padded gunwale and hooks foot under toe rail.

lose power offshore. Depending upon the situation, it can be used from the bow, or from the stern to form a drag. The customary way of summoning help in such a situation is to fly a flag upside down. In a pinch, an old shirt or a rag will serve as a distress signal. At night, light flares. No boat should venture offshore without a Very pistol and at least six flares. We also carry hand-held flares.

In a storm no one should be embarrassed to put on a life jacket; nor should you hesitate to order reluctant guests to do the same. The captain's word *is* law, even on a pleasure boat. This means he has a responsibility as well as a right to make sure that everyone aboard follows the rules.

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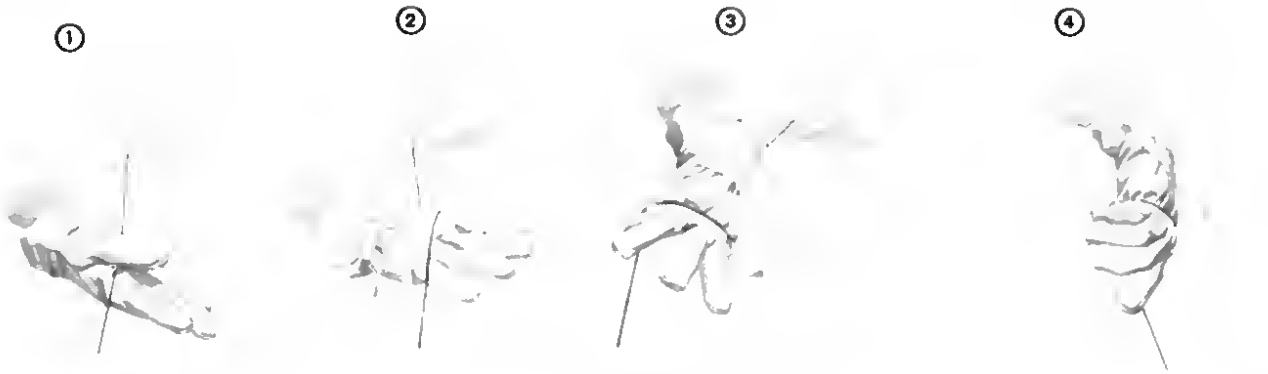
How many years before **Father's Day** were fathers enjoying Gordon's?

Exactly 141 For Alexander Gordon introduced his remarkable gin to London's fathers way back in 1769. The first official "Father's Day" took place in 1910 at Spokane, Washington. Today, Father's Day is celebrated throughout the nation while Gordon's is celebrated throughout the world. Indeed, it is the *biggest-selling* gin in all of England, America, the world Probably because it still harks back to Mr. Gordon's original formula. We've never found reason to tamper with such distinctive dryness and rare flavour.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 90 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD. LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.





Double hand-wrap is most effective method of handling wire leader, but it demands practice and skill. Always wear gloves. As fish comes alongside boat and leader breaks water, grab wire in one hand—here the left—and slide other hand palm up (1) under wire. Holding leader in palm and thumb, flip right hand toward body (2), open fingers and move hand quickly outward (3) to take second wrap on

Powerboating *continued*

If guests have scattered gear from one end of the deck to the other, show them where to stow it and see that they do. If for some reason they are reluctant to take an antiseasick pill and you think they need one, insist. The only person as miserable as a seasick passenger is the one who has to clean up after him. A Marezine tablet the night before sailing and another just before starting the trip usually eliminates the necessity. Once under way, fresh air, dry soda crackers and keeping the eyes on the horizon also help. If they don't, at least make sure you aim the sufferer downwind.

Warn your guests, too, about sunburn. Inexperienced sailors are the most common victims because they forget about the intensity of sun reflected off water. Besides using sun lotion, I always wear the swordfisherman's cap shown on page 59. I'll admit that the long bill and Arab flap are not exactly chic, but in hundreds of hours of fishing from unprotected cockpits I have never been badly sunburned.

Probably the most fun I have had on our boats has been while fishing with light tackle for relatively small fish. A 50-pound sailfish on 8- or 10-pound line puts up a terrific fight. For this kind of fishing I wear a belly pad (a heavily padded metal frame set with a rod gimbal and worn around the waist like a belt), which permits me to move around the cockpit freely. In bad seas this takes a certain amount of agility and very sure footing. A toe rail (*see page 71*) around the floor of the cockpit is a great aid to balance, and padding on the inside of the gunwales cuts down bruises. If you are going to fight a fish standing, make sure the live-bait wells are closed (I once broke a rib backing into one) and the deck is clear.

Nobody deliberately attempts to fight giant fish this way, although my husband was once forced to. It happened 11 years ago during a tournament off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. Lou was fighting a 654-pound tuna in very rough water when his fighting chair collapsed. He landed on the deck still clutching his rod and went on to fight the fish all over the boat, grabbing anything he could for support. Somehow he managed to land the tuna an hour and 25 minutes later, but I don't think he could ever be persuaded to do it again.

Fortunately, fighting chairs have improved considerably since then. Most good ones today are solidly constructed (*see page 64*) and securely bolted to the deck. Used in conjunction with a heavy kidney harness, they absorb much of the pressure of fighting a really big fish, putting the strain on legs, hips and



If you hook a small billfish and decide to keep him, grab bill close to mouth; pull fish's head up, being sure leader stays out of hunt; strike with club above eyes and bring him in over side. Larger fish should be hauled in through trapdoor in transom.



wire (4). Close fingers (5) to form fist, anchoring wire tightly in hand to haul fish out of water. To release wire instantly and safely, open hand and flip toward body (6). Practice handling before attempting on fish, since incorrectly held leader wire can cause serious injury.

buttocks rather than on the back and arms.

Tackle, too, is considerably better than it was years ago, but nobody has yet figured out a completely foolproof way to keep a line from backlashing or "bird-nesting" into a snarl of coils and loops on the reel. This happens even to experts, and it can be dangerous. With any fish on the line, but especially with big fish, keep hands off the reel as much as possible; if it is necessary to brake the line by hand, keep your fingers out from under the front of reel bar (*see page 66*). A fisherman friend of ours, Gil Eastman, learned caution in hand-braking the hard way off Bimini in 1939. He hooked a marlin that took off with such fury that Gil burned his fingers braking the run. Then the fish turned unexpectedly, spinning his line into a series of loops. Gil tried to stop the spin with his left hand, but before he could, a loop twisted around his index finger, severing it cleanly at the second joint.

The majority of accidents, however, occur not in the actual fighting of a fish but in boating it. This is the time of greatest excitement and confusion. It is also the time when the fish very often makes one last attempt at freedom. I have seen fish that looked too exhausted even to swim come suddenly to life alongside the boat—and a thousand pounds of fish can do a lot of damage.

In 1954, we were part of an expedition off Ecuador and Peru aboard the 100-foot *Observer*, fishing daily from two 23-foot skiffs carried by the mother craft. I doubt if any expedition has ever caught more big fish in a month's time. We broke our own records and each other's records every day. The ocean was alive with marlin and broadbill, and it was almost a daily occurrence to have the boats attacked by them. Once the broadbill I was fighting leaped clear over the stern. I dropped flat on the deck, dragging the Indian guide with me. One skiff ended up with two bills in its hull, the other with one. (If this happens, saw the bill flush. It plugs the hole and gives the boat an envied scar.)

When a big fish has been brought alongside, ready to be killed, be very *careful in your handling of the wire* leader. It can slice right through a finger or hand. Unless you are an expert at handling a leader, leave the job to an experienced mate. The men on our boat use the double hand-wrap (*shown above*), and all wear gloves, when they start hauling the fish out of water they make sure the wire is tossed away from the boat, not into it. I once had the terrifying experience of seeing a coil of improperly handled wire spin into the air and drop over a young boat boy's head. While I quickly put my fingers between the wire and his throat, the captain broke the heavy leader in two with his bare hands. It was all over in seconds, but when we unwound the coil the only uncut spot on the boy's bloody neck was where my fingers had been.

We generally bring small fish directly over the side into the boat. On nonbilled species we use a gaff thrust straight down between fish and boat and then jerked upward in one swift motion. The best place to gaff a fish is well forward of its middle. This raises its head out of water

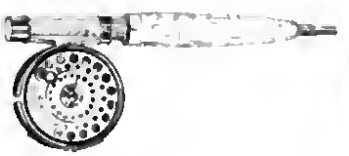
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A&F



Tops in Tackle

In the world of fly fishing, two names stand unrivaled for their remarkable workmanship—Payne and Hardy. Payne for superb split-cane rods, every one of which is crafted and finished by Mr. Payne's own experienced hand. Hardy, for light, positively foolproof reels, each one a singular masterpiece of simple, intelligent design. This efficient pair gives you the most perfect rod-to-reel balance you have ever experienced. We consider it the finest fly fishing equipment in the world. Come in and see it. Or for more details, write for your A&F Camp/Tackle catalog.



Payne Fly Rods. 122.50

Hardy Fly Reels. . From 24.50

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The case for the man-of-the-sea

You are both Captain and crew when the case holds a Zeiss Ikon Camera *System*. Zeiss multiple interchangeable lenses let you capture the detailed study of intricate seagoing gear—a ship in the distance—or a whole sky full of racing soils, filling the horizon. With Zeiss Ikon interchangeable film backs, you can switch at will from sunbright color to crisp black-and-white film, even for a single shot, if you like. A flexible, versatile Zeiss Ikon Contarex or Contaflex 35 mm Camera *System* lets you collect moods, moments, experiences, spectacles, with a competence you'll hardly believe until you try it. There is an exciting booklet waiting to tell you more. To get your copy, write to Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

ZEISS IKON

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

and prevents the fish from making a surprise lunge that might throw the gaffer off balance and over the side. With a billfish, grab the bill with one hand as close to the fish's mouth as possible. Using the other hand, strike the fish just forward of the eyes with a fisherman's club.

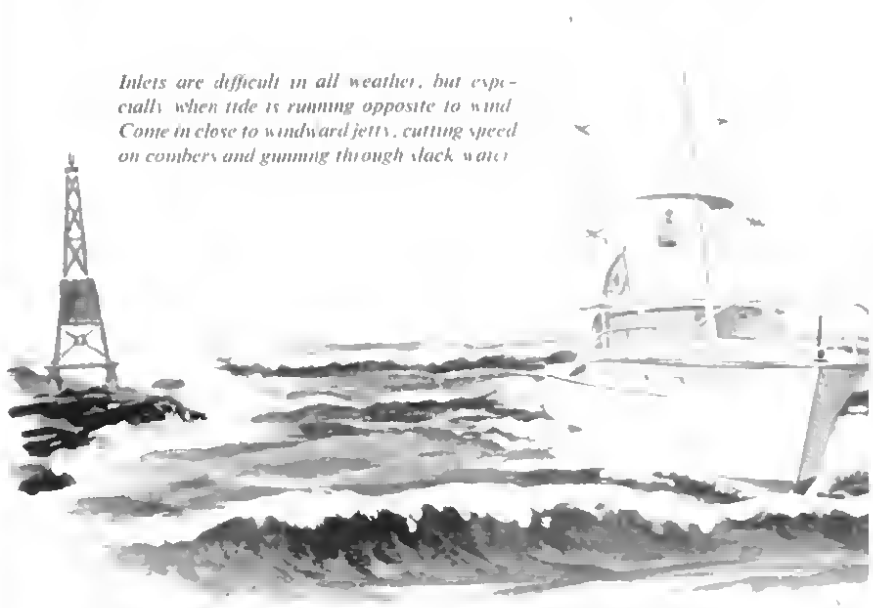
But until you have been around boats and game fish a long time I would not suggest trying either maneuver. My husband almost lost an eye this way, boating a striped marlin I caught off Chile. It was a green fish and put on quite an acrobatic show in its last struggles. Lou was about to grab its bill when suddenly the fish slashed at his head. The bill opened a wound from eye to ear. The marlin turned out to be a new world record, but even this fact did not justify our overeagerness to boat it.

Regardless of how many fish you catch, or how much other fun you have in a day at sea, the cruise cannot be called successful until you are safely home. Many an otherwise peaceful trip has turned into high adventure on the way back to the dock. An inlet that was calm in the morning can become a real threat in the evening. No two inlets are alike, and all look easier from the outside than they actually are.

The first rule before running any inlet is to study it. Ordinarily, charts are invaluable, but they won't be of much use along the East Coast this season. More than 1,000 miles of Atlantic coastline from Cape Cod to Miami were altered by high winds and enormous tides during a two-day storm this past March. Almost every inlet was affected. Shoals disappeared, islands shifted, buoys moved. Some inlets filled with sand and now offer no passage whatever.

As a result, the Coast and Geodetic Survey is involved in its biggest map-revision task in 34 years, and it may be months before the more than 200 new charts defining the East Coast will be available to the public. Until that time, local fishermen and the Coast Guard are the best sources of up-to-date information. Even with accurate charts, local boatmen can usually advise the best technique for a particular inlet under specific wind and tide conditions.

Our own inlet at Manasquan, N.J., for example, is hard to run in a northeast blow, especially at outgoing tide. Most boatmen, including ourselves, prefer to enter it from the north jetty. Once headed in, we use a technique called "waddling." First we reduce speed to a crawl while we study the wave pattern. Generally it begins with one big wave followed by several smaller ones, then a big one again. The smaller waves form a trough, which local boatmen refer to as a "slatch." As soon as a big comber has passed under the boat, we gun the engines forward in the slatch, reducing speed again before the next big wave reaches us. The reason we cut back power on the largest waves is to prevent the momentum of the wave, added to our own momentum, from



Inlets are difficult in all weather, but especially when tide is running opposite to wind. Come in close to windward jetty, cutting speed on combers and gunning through slack water.

propelling us forward like a surfboard. This can throw a boat out of control in an inlet just as it can on the open sea; but entering an inlet there is the added danger that the boat will be sent diving onto the rocks.

Occasionally, even when you have done everything right, a big wave or the current may pick up your boat and throw it broadside to the swell. If this happens, remember that a good boat can take a lot of abuse. Stay with it and see that guests lie flat on the deck and hold on to something. The danger is usually broken bones, not capsizing.

In 30 years of boating we have managed to come through some very rugged inlets under extremely bad weather conditions. Except for a few bruises and an occasional harried moment, we have never been in serious trouble. Some of this we attribute to luck—every boatman needs a little—but most of our good fortune has not been accidental. We have worked hard to keep our boats in first-class condition, we have combined common sense with reasonable caution and we have never lost our respect for the sea. In return, we have enjoyed a lifetime of pleasure on the water.

Sails at Sea

In the June 25 issue Rod Stephens Jr., marine engineer, America's Cup racer and one of the best blue-water yachtsmen in the world, tells how to get the most from a cruising boat under sail



NOW one lotion protects you against bugs and sunburn, too!

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Handy 2 oz. plastic tube 89¢
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(Plus Fed. Tax)

The 'W Corps' wins a fancy '500'

The corps is Wilke, Watson and Ward, and they harvested the richest Indy through flawless planning and execution

Let baseball have its M squad. As the Indianapolis "500" revealed last week, auto racing has its own wonder-working W corps. Despite the incalculable odds, the Messrs. Wilke, Watson and Ward, aided by a junior varsity consisting of the Messrs. Hirashima and Sutton, swept Indy's first two places and collected $169,000 of the record-breaking $426,202 purse.

The assault had its origin back in 1952 when Bob Wilke, a Milwaukee paper manufacturer and racing enthusiast, first decided to give the "500" a whirl. Wilke is not an impulsive man. He wanted A. J. Watson, Indy's top builder-mechanic, and none other to design his racers and manage his Leader Card team, and he waited seven years for Watson to become available.

It was in 1959 that Wilke made his first start, with the smooth, plucky veteran, Rodger Ward, driving a Watson roadster and A. J. himself bossing the pit work—and that year the three Ws won. In 1960 Ward was second; last year, third. For 1962 Wilke ordered a new Watson racer for Ward. He had already hired Takao (Chickie) Hirashima, a Nisei renowned for his meticulous engine work, to assist A. J. and take charge of a back-up car to be driven by Oregon's Len Sutton.

No fewer than 17 Watson roadsters were in the 33-car starting field last week as a typically huge Indianapolis crowd—numbering perhaps 250,000—looked on. When the engines were silent again, 3½ hours later, the W corps added up its amazing score:

1) A flawless performance by the 41-year-old Ward in his 12th "500," which he led from the 126th to the 200th and final lap (except briefly during a pit stop) to establish a new speed record of 140.293 mph and earn his customary 40%, or nearly $50,000, of the $124,515 winner's prize.

2) An equally sure drive by Sutton, who was content to finish 11 seconds behind Ward without ever risking Wilke's ire by attempting to dice with him.

3) Errorless pit work by A. J.'s polished crews, which expended just one minute, all told, on Ward's three stops and only 61 seconds on Sutton's.

4) Additional testimony to Watson's master touch as a builder, as Watson cars placed one-two-three and took three other positions in the first 10.

5) A choice $68,969 share of the purse for Wilke as his owner's dividend.

Plaudits for Rodger

But to the public at large the day was Ward's, and swarms of fans overran his Gasoline Alley garage when the race was over. "How about the old man?" chortled the winner, sweat-streaked and grimy, as a friend pushed through to him. "I guess I'll keep right on racing as long as I can go this fast this safely."

From this one should not assume, however, that Ward and his teammate simply ran away with the "500." For a time it seemed that two other drivers might outsprint them. The most dangerous threat was posed, as expected, by Rufus Parnell Jones (SI, May 28). In qualifying trials Parnelli had dashed to the first and only 150-mph laps ever officially clocked at Indy. Last week he immediately opened a long, lovely lead, which began to assume runaway proportions—the full length of the homestretch—before he first pitted, after 59 laps. He quickly regained first place. Then he lost the brakes of his Watson racer.

Here is what happened: One section of stainless steel brake-fluid tubing extended close beneath the hot exhaust

continued

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pipe, adjacent to the engine. Engine vibrations were violent enough to rock the pipe against the brake line. A leak erupted, and out went all the fluid.

Parnelli, like some other Indy drivers, does not use his brakes in normal racing. He relies on engine braking to slow for the speedway's four turns. But without brakes he would have to drive more circumspectly in traffic. Worst of all, how could he stop in the pits?

Jones flashed through the pits once to signal trouble. The spectators within viewing range were perplexed by this until, after 125 laps, still nursing a slender but dwindling lead over Ward, he rolled into the pits for real—and rolled, and rolled and rolled. Crewmen dashed wildly to meet and try to stop him. One of them lunged for the car's rear bumper tubing, caught hold and personally braked the car to a halt with his derriere. But the perils of Parnelli contained yet one more installment. Obliged to pit again, he coolly rolled over two of the replacement tires lying ready for him, trying to come to a halt, and finally crunched into the wall of the next pit. Victory was out of the question by then and Parnelli ultimately finished seventh.

Ward might also have been challenged at the end by the 1961 winner, A. J. Foyt, who was cleanly second to Parnelli early along. But alas, poor Foyt. He lost a wheel in the first turn and found himself passing another car backward at 130 mph. Luckily he ground to a safe stop in the infield.

As for the Buick-engined racer driven by Dan Gurney, it was a promising failure. Gurney displayed style and daring while ranging from eighth to 12th place, but after 96 laps the drive train gave way and the car was out.

Even so, Parnelli's car owner, J. C. Agajanian, said afterward that he was considering switching from the big Offenhauser-engined roadsters to a lightweight car along the Buick's lines. Don't count on it, though. After last week, it would seem that A. J. Watson, high priest of Indy orthodoxy, could go back to wooden-spoked wheels, throw in an antique mechanic's riding seat for good measure and still win the "500" in a breeze. Technical progress will remain moribund at Indianapolis until the prophets of change back their racers with something like A. J.'s unbelievably thorough mechanical preparation and superbly rehearsed pit work. **END**



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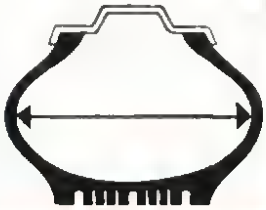
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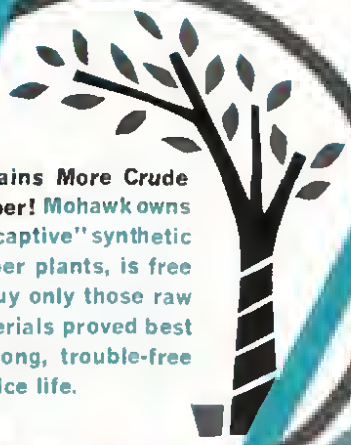


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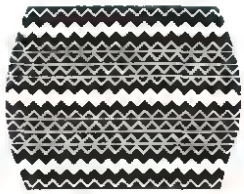


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Inspirational short

The coolest look around this summer—and the hottest fashion gambit—is not ladies in Pucci pants, but ladies in Wragge shorts. While the silky, long-pants look from Italy has taken over the promenades of Southampton and Palm Beach, shorts in recent years have all but been pushed off the fashion stage. But when Designer Sydney Wragge last winter picked up his December 25, 1961 issue of Sports Illustrated, shorts got a booster shot. Wragge saw in Ted Polumbaum's photograph of Indian schoolboys playing field hockey above a natural elegance that he felt women anywhere in the world would envy. He was right. His American versions of field hockey shirts, shorts and turbans shown at left in a photograph taken by Christa at Lucky Baldwin's former estate in Arcadia, Calif.) were an instant success. Hundreds of shirts and shorts already have been sold in some 80 different stores across the country.

Where to buy: Bonwit Teller, New York, J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, I. Magnin, all California stores and Seattle, at $30 for the shirts, $16 to $19 for the shorts and $25 for the pre-wound turbans. The jewelry and the shoes are from Taj of India.

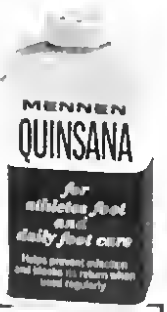
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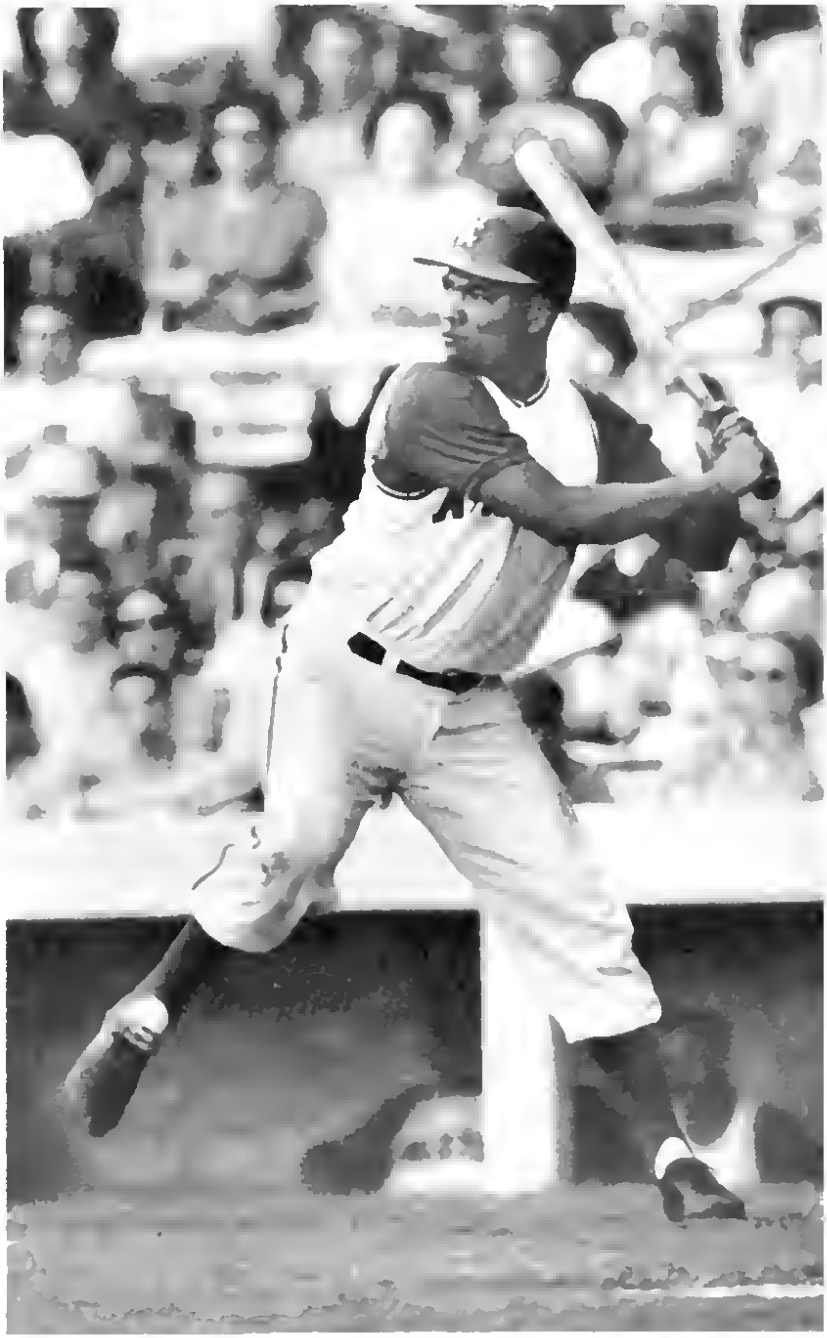
1. Frees feet from itch and pain. Medication quickly helps heal raw cracks.
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Nobody knows mayonnaise except the pitchers



JIMENEZ KICKS HIS RIGHT FOOT A LA MEL OTT BEFORE TAKING HIS SWING

Manny Jimenez of the Kansas City Athletics has a perplexing name, an oddball style and the best hitting average in the league

The leading hitter in the American League is Manny Jimenez. Manny who? You know, Manuel Emilio Jimenez. The rookie outfielder with the Athletics

O K , so you don't know But then, hardly anyone does—hardly anyone, that is, outside of Kansas City and San Pedro de Macoris, Manny's home town in the Dominican Republic Nevertheless, standing alone in his dim-lit limelight and quaintly kicking his right foot forward every time the ball is pitched (the way Mel Ott used to do), Manny Jimenez has been batting in the upper 300s since the season opened and is enjoying himself immensely Strong of wrist, sharp of eye and perplexing to pitchers and fielders, he can pretty much hit where he pleases, and if a .398 average took a tumble last week when he went 0 for 10, Manny ate heartily, slept late and didn't worry. Behind him already were nine home runs and 30 RBIs

Manny Jimenez is a cheerful young man of 22 who has a quantity of self-confidence of the noncorrosive variety (''He thinks he's always been a very good ballplayer,'' an interpreter explains). He laughs easily and often, with a squeaky, toothy giggle In Kansas City he gets the biggest hands the smallest crowds in the league can give him, and it is obvious they like his style even if they hang up on his name Some locals call him Jimen-nez, as in jiminez cricket His teammates just call him mayonnaise, which sounds about right. A few wise guys talk funny to the poor fellow ''It look like rain, no?'' one will say, and Manny is puzzled

A rookie's way up to the majors might be compared to a Fourth of July skyrocket It climbs high in the night trailing telltale sparks, but when it really goesoff snap, crackle, pop everybody, including the rookie, sucks in his breath, surprised as can be Manny Jimenez is an exception, he is not surprised He has been watching his rise in baseball

continued



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with satisfaction, he says, since he was 6 years old.

Manny is the fifth child in a family of five boys and five girls. His father was a laborer in a sugar mill when Manny was born and is a warehouse foreman for a sand company now. His mother was and is exclusively a mother, and she is not beyond an occasional yank on her wandering son's ear no matter how big he has become. "I almost get in a bad fight with a pitcher in Austin two years ago," says Manny, "and my mother read it in the paper at home." A scolding, you-better-watch-your-manners-young-man letter came the next day. Manny's father, when he had the chance, took more direct measures to discipline the boy, especially during those grammar school days when Manny fell into the habit of excusing himself from the classroom two hours ahead of everybody else by jumping out a window. His aim was to play baseball, and the whippings he got deterred him not a bit. In fact, he quit school altogether after the eighth grade despite his father's fury. (Truth to tell, the elder Jimenez has since relaxed. "I send money home and he don't hit me now," says Manny, winking furiously.)

Pan-American friendship

For the next three years Jimenez worked at a sugar mill ($1.45 a day for wiping machines) and served a tour of duty with the Dominican air force (assignment: play ball). In 1957, because he felt he deserved to play "with the other good players," he signed a contract with the Milwaukee Braves, who threw in a $500 bonus in the spirit of Pan-American friendship. Manny accumulated a .316 batting average during his five years in the Braves' farm system, but his future wasn't exactly coming up roses. "They tell me you always be a Triple A ballplayer," Manny gleefully recollects.

The Athletics, of course, didn't see it that way; they couldn't afford to. Kansas City needed an offense and needed one badly at the end of last season, and as part of a general overhaul (13 of last year's players are elsewhere today), Jimenez was obtained in a trade. "Too many guys were standing around watching the third strike go under their noses," Vice-president and General Manager Pat Friday says, "and we saw in Manny somebody who at least would take his swings. Furthermore, we knew he had guts. The Pacific Coast League pitchers

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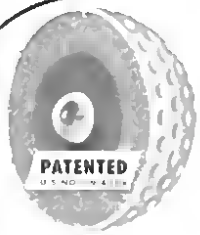


JIMMY DEMARET
MASTERS CHAMPION
3
TIMES

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'61 MASTERS '62 MASTERS



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Look at Ken. Doesn't bright orange go beautifully with green?

That's the way it is with all thirteen Jantzen golf shirt colors; they look as though they grew on a golf course. Matter of fact, many men put on a Jantzen Ken Venturi golf shirt with *no thought of playing golf,* and a short while later there they are, teeing off.

The shirt that Ken has on is 5.95. With the pocket it's 6.50.

The Jantzen golf wardrobe is now complete; there are slacks (10.95 and 12.95) in colors that coordinate with the shirts, as well as golf walkers, as on Bob Cousy. Paul Hornung, in yellow, and Frank Gifford, in blue, are in the sand trap.

Left to right: Paul Hornung, Green Bay Packers; Frank Gifford, sports announcer; Ken Venturi, golf pro; Bob Cousy, Boston Celtics.
Photo by Tom Kelley on a green near the Hanalei Plantation on Kauai.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

hit him 17 times last year, back and front, and he never showed any fear. Naturally, they had their reason. Manny was the best hitter in that league, too."

The rumors that preceded Jimenez to the Athletics' spring-training camp—that he was slow dropping back and would sometimes throw to the wrong base—checked out when he got there. (Once an exceptionally fast runner, he lost his speed after breaking his left leg in a base-line slide in 1958.) On top of that, he reported to Manager Hank Bauer at a happy and bluhbery 210 pounds. Fending off one of those Pacific Coast League pitchers late last summer, Manny had broken his left wrist and, unable to play winter ball, had simply hung around his home growing fat. "I guess you'd say we had a kind of mediocre ballplayer on our hands," says Bauer, trying to make it sound nice.

Rubber-suited rookie

Bauer took personal charge. He taught Jimenez a better way to drop back for *deep flies. He sharpened his sense of the* game and he forced the rubber-suited rookie to run and pick up balls off the ground by the hour. "I never saw a man work so hard in spring training in my life," says an Athletic front-office man. "I've yet to see him butcher a play since he got here," says a Kansas City baseball writer. ("He never see me play third base," says Manny, recalling an experiment made on him when he played for Jacksonville in 1959. "Whoosh, right through the legs every time.")

Nobody expects Jimenez to keep up his hot streak throughout the season. "I know I'm pretty good, but I don't think this good," says Manny, for the first time disarmingly modest. "I just hope to stay over .300."

Manny's other hope is that American League pitchers eventually let up on his person. Since 1957 he has been hit by 55 pitched balls, six of them this year. (The one that broke his wrist was supposed to go into his ear but he blocked it.) He's not afraid, he says, just weary. Bauer says it happens because of Manny's little preswing kick that leaves him too solidly planted to move back. Manny has a more interesting notion. "The pitcher don't hit Mickey Mantle because everybody know him and like him and they get mad at the pitcher. Someday soon I hope they get mad when the pitcher hit Manny Jimenez." **END**



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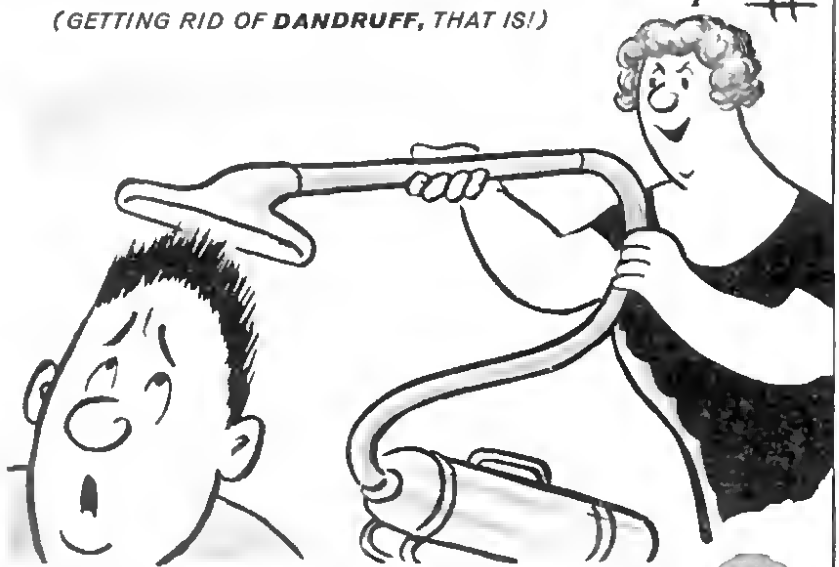
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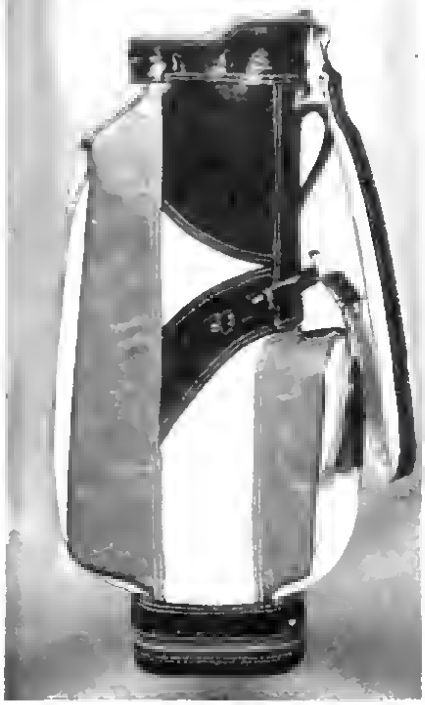
Although it left most of North America enveloped in apathy, one of the world's great sporting events began its frenzied, spectacular run last week in four Chilean cities. By the time the World Cup is decided in Santiago on June 17, this international championship of soccer will have caused more lost production man hours than all the World Series of history combined. For more than 250 million soccer players, not to mention the billions of addicts who count themselves soccer fans, this is the most important athletic competition on earth.

The World Cup has been held every fourth year since 1930, with a 12-year war break after 1938, and the 16 teams now in Chile are the survivors of a 53-nation elimination that began back in 1960. The property over which they are fighting—and the word is not entirely out of place here—is a 27-inch trophy of solid silver known as the Jules Rimet Cup. Buried in an Italian farmyard during World War II, it is now valued at $7,000. This is absurd. The actual value of the cup to the competing nations would equal most of their national debts.

Throughout most of Europe and all of South America, soccer football is the national sport. A crowd of 200,000 turned up for one game in Buenos Aires in 1950 and although nothing like this is possible in Chile—where the largest stadium to be used seats only 80,000, more than two million people are expected to watch the 1962 tournament.

The tournament is divided into four four-team groups. Each group plays a round-robin tournament of its own,

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sending the winner and runner-up into the quarter-finals on Sunday, June 10. Chile, Switzerland, West Germany and Italy, perhaps the best-balanced of the first-round groups, will play in Santiago. Argentina, Bulgaria, Hungary and England play in Rancagua, an agricultural town 62 miles to the south. Brazil, Mexico, Spain and Czechoslovakia play in Viña del Mar, a lovely seaside residential and resort suburb of Valparaiso. The remaining four—Russia, Uruguay, Yugoslavia and Colombia—play in Arica, 1,000 miles away along the Peruvian border. Arica was chosen by the Chilean association on the assumption that Peru would be one of the 16 teams, and when Peru lost to Colombia no one had the heart to take the tournament away from Arica. Especially after the governor, a man named Antonio Eucina, arose at 5 o'clock every morning for a year and sometimes hammered nails and carried brick and mortar himself just to be sure that the stadium was ready on time.

Favored are the defending champions from Brazil, who boast a 21-year-old inside forward named Edison Arantes do Nascimento who is usually called Pele, sometimes called the Black Pearl, and almost always called the best soccer player in the world. Until Pele was 16 he was an impoverished peasant boy, now he owns a mansion and a yacht and earns at least $50,000 a year, which will buy an awful lot of coffee in Brazil.

But the usually methodical Russians, who flashed not only their famous goalie, Lev Yashin, but a completely unexpected whirlwind style of soccer during an all-conquering tour through Chile, Uruguay and Argentina last fall, are highly rated, too. So is Czechoslovakia. And the West Germans, despite the absence of a super star, are always tough when coached by Josef Herberger, the 65-year-old genius known as the Sorcerer across the soccer fields of the world.

The Italians, despite their feuds, have in Omar Enrique Sivori, a transplanted Argentinian, the most valuable player in all Europe last year, the Chileans will have the proved advantage of home ground, the young Yugoslavs have been playing together and pointing toward this event for five years. And who can discount England, particularly in the mud? In fact, there are those who believe that almost anyone can win, and this is the history of the World Cup, brilliant individual performances, unaccountable upsets and three weeks of spectacular competition. **END**

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Take a Little Pal



All fathers love baseball and were good at it when they were little. (The average lifetime batting average of the average American father is .800.) Mothers hate it, though they were even better at it when they were little. All little boys want to be like—and be liked by—their fathers and are secretly worried about the ball game Dad keeps threatening to take them to. Get it over with.

Here's what to do, and what to watch out for.

BUY THE TICKETS. This can be done from the office, after coffee time, where it's cozy and you're in your element. Order the tickets yourself, but let your secretary overhear you doing it. She'll love you for it and will probably tell the boss, and he'll love you for it too.

(Caution 1: On no account agree to take the boss's son along. Many promising careers have been wrecked in this way.)

(Caution 2: Remember that the cost of the tickets is only a down payment on the evening. A good rule of thumb is that a kid sitting in a $3.50 box seat will consume $3.50 worth of hot dogs and souvenirs. On the other hand, a kid sitting in a $2.50 reserved seat will also consume $3.50.)

Once the tickets are purchased you can't back out since the investment is too great. Besides, your wife has already made extensive plans for her own evening.

WHAT TO WEAR. Lots of warm clothes, especially if you're going to a place like Candlestick Park.

continued

to the Ball Game

by JAMES RANSOM

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Little Pal *continued*

(Caution 3: Do not decline to take along anything your wife suggests. She knows exactly what the conditions will be at the ball park.)

GOING TO THE GAME. Opinions differ on whether to arrive in time for batting practice. To a large extent this depends on how much of the actual game you yourself want to see, since batting practice plus a few innings of baseball is all your little pal can take. During an eight-game winning streak in the middle of the 1960 season, when the Pirate bats were booming, the average opposition hurler lasted 3⅓ innings. The average father didn't do much better than that. On the other hand, if you get to the park early you won't have the tangle of incoming traffic to contend with, and your little pal will be spared several sharp comments in the early part of the evening. On the *other* hand, whether he gets these sharp comments early or late makes no difference to him, so you might as well suit yourself about watching batting practice.

WHAT TO BUY. Pillows, toy bats, toy canes, hat, baseballs, biographies of the players, a portrait of the club owner—plus anything and everything else your little pal desires. This is a once-in-a-life-time proposition.

(Caution 4: It is not necessary to buy a program. There are lots of them in the stands.)

THE GAME ITSELF. Baseball has been aptly called "the game of nines." There are 18 players, nine on each side. (College teams are sometimes called "nines.") There are nine innings. Three strikes is out, and there are three outs. (Three times three is nine.) After that it gets complicated.

WHAT TO WATCH FOR. One of your functions as expert guide on this tour of the national pastime will be to answer questions and keep your little pal alert about "what to watch." This means that you yourself must know what to watch.



Never go to the bathroom when it is a "good time" to go. You can't get in.

After all, a ball park is a big place, and you can't watch everything.

Laymen watching the game have a tendency to watch the batter until he hits the ball and then to watch the ball. However, at times it is essential to watch the runner, not the batter. In this way you will be able to answer such questions as, "How did Willie Mays get on third base?" Again, there are times when it's futile to watch the runner (who, unless he's trapped, can only go in one direction anyway), because then you'll miss the cutoff and won't be able to explain how Eddie Kasko happens to be fielding a ball hit to Frank Robinson.

Watching the third baseman is always optional. He's going to get killed one of these days, and you must decide beforehand whether you and your little pal want to see it or not.

Watching the third-base coach is not recommended unless you enjoy listening to Japanese people talking on the phone.

continued





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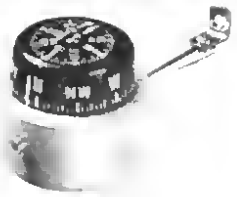
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Little Pal *continued*

In most games nobody but the batter watches the third-base coach—and in some games not even the batter watches him. This is why the coach doesn't get much money.

As a rule only the outfielders' wives watch the outfielders.

First base is a much-watched position—mainly because first basemen are often described as being "like ballet dancers at first base." A lot of ballet dancers go to ball games just to watch the first baseman.

You have to be careful about watching that girl a few rows down and to the left. She may be an outfielder's wife.

Occasionally it is useful to watch the on-deck circle, especially in a tight game in which "the tying run is at the plate." In that situation the man in the on-deck circle represents a one-run lead, and it is therefore important to know who he is. In most big league ball parks it is not possible to see into the dugout, where a *six*-run lead can often be observed sitting on the bench scratching himself and reading *Madame Bovary*.

By and large, however, the most important man to watch is the pitcher—especially when he is having "a conference on the mound" with the catcher, the first baseman, the third baseman, the shortstop, the second baseman, the manager and two umpires. Pay careful note if the pitcher drifts away from the group and starts to trade baseball cards with the right fielder, since this means that one of his buddies has been asked to please stop reading *Madame Bovary* and start "heating up in the bullpen." Now is a good time for you and your little pal to go to the bathroom. (Caution 5: Never go to the bathroom when it is a "good time" to go. You can't get in. *He* can always get in by telling the men in the line ahead of him that he "can't wait.")

(Caution 6: Don't try this yourself!)

THE TERMINOLOGY OF BASEBALL. In a sense it is easier to get along without a full understanding of baseball terminology if you are watching a game than if you are listening to one on the radio. At the park, for example, it is always "second base"—never "the keystone sack."

continued

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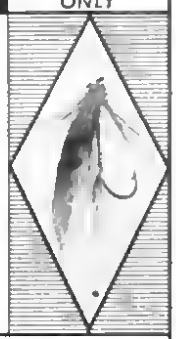
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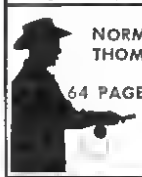
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Little Pal *continued*

The burly backstop is simply the catcher, the stylish right-hander is the pitcher, "the little fella" is Stu Miller, and so on. Still, there are times when it is convenient to have the right phrases ready, as in the following examples:

Q. What's happening?

A. They're having a rhubarb at the plate.

Q. What's happening?

A. Alvin Dark is being unceremoniously ejected from the premises.

Q. What's happening?

A. Big Don is demonstrating considerable anguish on the mound over that last call.

Q. What's happening?

A. Big Don is being unceremoniously ejected from the premises.

Also, it is not beyond possibility that your little pal has been listening to the radio for several days in preparation for the night's event, in which case you may have to answer questions like the following:

Q. Who's on the hot corner?

A. Jimmy Davenport, a slickster with the glove.

Q. Was that one into the slot?

A. No, the slot is over there—past that mommy with the red hat a few rows down and to the left.

Q. What's the difference between the slot and the hole?

A. Oh, look! Somebody on the bench is being unceremoniously ejected from the premises!

These are principally basic terms that apply to almost any ball game. In addition, each team has a specialized terminology of its own that is used to designate the players themselves. The "little fella" mentioned above is a case in point. It is wise to know these terms so that the right shouts of encouragement can be given at appropriate moments in the contest. The players are fond of these names, and it means a lot to them to hear you and your little pal screaming them from the stands. Vada Pinson, for example, likes to be called Fleet Vada. Harvey Kuenn is Ole Harve. Mickey Mantle is M. (Roger Maris is also M admittedly confusing.) Others:

Orlando Cepeda: The Baby Bull

continued

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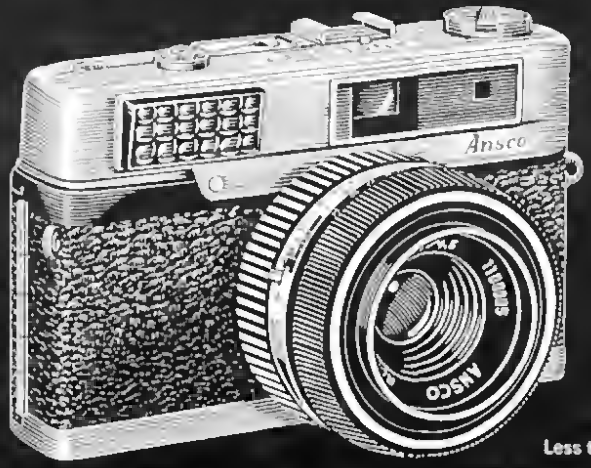
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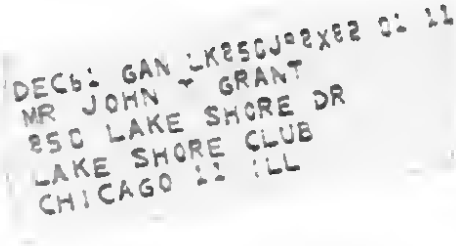
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Little Pal *continued*

Lew (or Lou) Burdette: Fidgety Lew (or Lou)
Vernon Law: The Deacon
Vinegar Bend Mizell: Wilmer Mizell
Horace Stoneham: The Man
Stan Musial: M
Roy Weatherly: Little Thunder
Anthony Corallo: Tony Ducks

Most of these examples have been chosen from the National League because that, after all, is the "senior circuit." In attending "junior circuit" games there will, of course, be different terms for the various players
(Caution 7: Jim Piersall of the Washington Senators and Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox don't like to be called anything.)

WHAT TO DO ABOUT FOUL BALLS. In the upper tier, Section C, Row 12, Seats 12 and 13, foul balls are a geometric impossibility. If these seats are unavailable, you must be on your guard against unwanted "souvenirs." Most parks provide a lot of harebrained kids to chase foul balls—which are later redeemed for "baseball scholarships" at southern universities—and it is usually wise not to try to interfere with these kids or you'll get clubbed. If a ball comes to your seat, however, and no kids show up to chase it, it is best simply to catch the ball by leaping high into the air and "snaring" it with one hand.
(Caution 8: Which hand to "snare" it with depends upon what you do for a living. If you're a right-handed sports columnist, for example, try to "snare" the ball with your left hand.)

HOW TO ANSWER QUESTIONS. As has been suggested, one of your principal functions will be to give succinct answers to your little pal's questions.
(Caution 9: Beware of the long question!)

For example:
Q. Dad. Dad. Dad. What if?
A. What if what?
Q. What if there are two out and a man on third base and a count of three balls and two strikes and the batter hits the ball and the batter say he hits it to the pitcher or somebody and the man on third base starts to run and nobody sees him and the pitcher misses

continued



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the ball and he picks it up and the man that hit the ball hey he falls down hey and the pitcher—?

The senior circuit record for this sort of question was established by a kid named Billy McGuire in Cincinnati in 1956; four innings. Paul Richards, generally acknowledged to be the self-styled master of modern baseball strategy, recommends having a beer, lighting a cigarette, glancing a while at the girl a few rows down and to the left and then asking your little pal to repeat the question. By that time somebody is sure to hit a home run, which always wipes clean the slates of grandstand conversation along with the bases.

Questions like, "Who's up?" and, "Who did you say was up?" can usually be dealt with by admonishing your little pal to study the scoreboard. In most parks it is customary for the players' numbers to be posted in lights on the scoreboard opposite the names of their position—for example, "LF 31." Other lights will then inform scoreboard technologists in the stands that "LF" is up, so that noting the number opposite LF, followed by reference to the program lying in the lap of the man sitting alongside, will identify the batter in some cases. In other cases, the lights will flash through the night the steady signal that 31 is up, which can then be matched with LF, in which case it is often possible to remember who *plays* LF, and so on—there is no firm rule about all this. (Bear in mind that 31 on the scoreboard is really 81.)

The most common question you will have to answer during the evening is, "Was that a home run?" The answer is usually, "No."

Other common questions and their answers:

Q. Can I have another hot dog?
A. Yes.
Q. Is this a World Series?
A. No.
Q. Do you think Mom is home yet?
A. No.
Q. Is that Willie Mays?
A. No.
Q. Can I have another hot dog?
A. Yes.

continued

Why do so many professional eye men recommend RAY·BAN Sun Glasses



Professional eye men, of all people, know that sun glasses should be something more than ordinary glass, set in attractive frames. That's why so many fine optical offices recommend Ray-Ban Sun Glasses. They're made from genuine optical glass, ground-and-polished-to-curve. They filter out the harmful rays of the sun, cut down glare without distorting your vision. In short, Ray-Ban Sun Glasses keep your eyes cool, calm and *protected.* Plain (non-prescription) Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are available at optical offices and fine stores everywhere. Priced from $4.95 to $24.95. Try on a pair . . . you won't settle for less. For free style folder, write Bausch & Lomb Incorporated, Rochester 2, New York.

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MEDICAL SCIENTISTS REPORT:
"amazing results" "dramatic improvement"*

Probably nowhere is the control of athlete's foot more important than in the Army, Navy and Air Force, with millions of men in service. Thanks to a remarkable preparation, it no longer is the problem it once was.

The treatment (undecylenic acid) is so simple and dependable, it is now a *standard* Athlete's Foot Treatment used by the U. S. Armed Forces.*

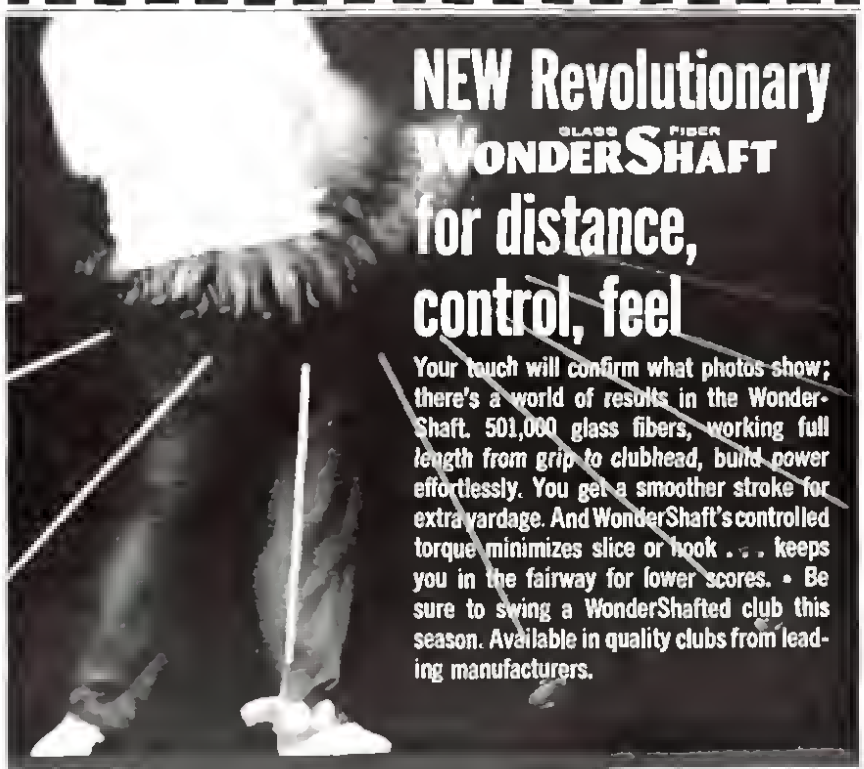
This Desenex treatment is also *most often prescribed and recommended* by physicians, for it works where others often fail. It promises new freedom from athlete's foot itching, pain and danger of spreading, as evidenced by clinical studies involving over 6200 men and women.*

What Desenex does

Desenex *seeks out*, attacks and kills not only common athlete's foot fungi, but also checks *bacteria* that often cause more stubborn cases. Maddening itch is relieved, healing rapidly promoted. Simply use Desenex Ointment at night; Powder during day. ***It's guaranteed to work or money back!*** Desenex—at all drug counters.

*Clinical results were described professionally as "dramatic," "immediate," even "amazing." Key facts from these studies by leading hospitals, medical schools and clinics are available to your physician or your foot specialist.

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Little Pal

But by far the most important question of all is this one.

Q. How long does this go on?

Your immediate impulse will be to give the correct answer. "About two hours."

(Caution 10. Restrain that impulse!)

The correct response at this point is to say, "One more inning," have another beer, take a last look at that girl and start moving toward the exits.

GOING HOME. In many ways this is the crucial frame of the evening. Don't tighten up. Stay loose.

Assuming you can find the car, get in it and turn on the heater and the radio. Since you left Billy O'Dell with an eight-run lead in the fifth inning, and



A kid in a $3.50 seat will consume $3.50 worth of hot dogs and souvenirs.

since you (and the other fathers) are beating the traffic out, you have every reason to be in a good mood. Be in one. Listen to the game, and be suddenly grateful for the lucid explanation of your announcers. Pat your little pal, and say it was fun. Think about the boy's mother—which is what he's doing, too—waiting to have drinks and listen to your play-by-play recapitulation of the evening. And if all has gone well, you may be rewarded on the way home with a final question you'll have no trouble answering.

Q. Dad?

A. What?

Q. Baseball is beautiful, ain't it?

A. *Isn't* it!

Q. Isn't it.

A. Yes, little pal, it is. **END**



Talks in the TODAY program, NBC–TV Network, 7 9 a m

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SOATING WINSOME III surged through spinnaker-tipping winds of 45 mph and some of the slickest competition around Puget Sound to take the overall title in the tough 136-mile Seattle Lightship Series. Jane Hannah Juan de Luca Shaw Owner Chet Rickard of the Royal Vancouver (B.C.) Yacht Club skippered his 36-foot sloop in front of the 66-boat fleet for his second Southern win.

BOXING ARCHIE MOORE the ageless one tripped his not-so-light fantastic through a 10-round bill of nothing with young Willi Pastrano 26 before a disappointing crowd in Los Angeles. The only damage Moore suffered was to his jaw after the final bell. It dropped a bit high when he heard the decision—a draw.

GOLF LIONEL HEBERT sank a 30-foot putt on the first extra hole (the 19th hole seems to be in the clubhouse on the PGA tour this spring) to break a three-man tie and win the $40,000 Memphis Open over Gary Player and Gene Littler. Hebert posted rounds on the 72nd hole of 67 finishing a three-foot birdie. Littler's birdie try for Hebert came in one stroke behind the leaders as did Australian Bruce Crampton who shot the tournament's lowest round, a 7-under par 63. Rutherford be a cold during the first two rounds Arnold Palmer lost a chance at a fourth straight win. He tired for eighth.

HARNESS RACING—RANGER KNIGHT (S16.50) came from behind in the stretch for an upset win in the $117,548 Cane Pace at Yonkers. Fourth at the turn of the mile and 1/16 race, the colt slugged through a slow track softened by an earlier downpour and moved into the talented combination of Lehigh Hanover and Stanley Dancer. Wife Clint Hodgins' last-minute selection is driver after Co-owner and Driver Eugene Mimnaugh was suspended won his third Cane prize and Ranger Knight almost doubled his total track winnings with the sizable ($64,648) purse. The race came the day after a riot at Yonkers when onstagrid betters ripped up fences and equipment after a morning line 10-to-1 shot, Miss Chief Moken suddenly left in 5 to 2 at post time and won without working up a lather.

HORSE RACING—CICADA ($3.70), C. T. Chenery's manes-gathering filly pumped her earnings to over the half-million dollar mark with an easy victory in the $86,175 Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont, a second part of the Triple Crown for Fillies Ridden by Willie Shoemaker, Cicada entered the mile-and-an-eighth track in 1:50 finishing a length ahead of Dum Pulse urged on by Johnny Sellers, at the wire.

JAIPUR ($8.20) took the winner's purse in the $130,700 Jerry Derby for 3-year-olds at Garden State after first-finisher Crimson Satan lost on a foul. The colt was placed third for bumping in the stretch, and Jockey Larry Gilligan was set down for 15 days, in a season for 3-year-olds that is beginning to read like a page from a midget thriller. The stewards allowed the foul claim of Larry Adam on Jaipur and Bumbo Brezzo on Admiral's Voyage, who finished in second place.

CARRY BACK ($11.80) fetched $75,735 for Owner Katherine Price in winning the $111,900 Metropolitan mile at Aqueduct and thus became the fourth Thoroughbred in track history to earn over $1 million. (The other three: Round Table, Nashua and Citation.) Johnny Ruiz drove the 4-year-old from his customary lagging position at the three-quarter pole, settling under a strong hold to win by two and a half lengths, equaling their track record of 1:33⅗. Merry Ruler was second as favored Kelso finished well back in sixth place. It was Carry Back's first stakes victory in eight starts this year.

WINONY ($5.20), tied W. Hooper's 5-year-old ridden by Willie Hurtiz, captured the first of Hollywood Park's top stakes, the $27,950 Hollywood Express, a length ahead of King Kimek over the five and a half furlong distance. Father in the program Johnny Longden passed another milestone in his 35-year career. He rode his 6,600th winner, Hostess, which paid $20.

LACROSSE—NAVY captured sole possession of the national championship, which it shared last year with Army, by beating Army 5-3 at West Point. The Middies completed the season with a perfect 10-0 record compared to the Cadets' 8-2 mark. Playing before a roaring jubilant June Week crowd of 6,000, Navy's Pete Taylor led the Middies, scoring three goals in a close game which was knotted until the closing minutes when Navy broke it open.

MOTOR SPORTS—RODGER WARD the sartorial knight of Crossline Alley, roared a Leader Card Special through the Indianapolis 500 to win auto [illegible] for the second time [illegible]. His record 140.293 mph was a new record for the Speedway. Teammate Len Sutton of Portland, Ore. flashed across the line 11 seconds behind Ward, who had taken the lead on the 124th lap from Parnelli Jones, the pacesetter until his gas tank gave out.

BRUCE McLAREN cornered his Cooper-Climax around the streets of Monaco at 70.27 mph to win the 195-mile Monte Carlo Grand Prix, finishing a scant 1.1 seconds ahead of Phil Hill, who drove a Ferrari. McLaren, a chubby-faced New Zealander, held on to the lead along the final boulevard straightaway that borders the yacht-filled harbor after front-runner Graham Hill dropped down to sixth place when his BRM gave out four laps away from a storming finish. McLaren is now one point behind the two Hills, who had the Grand Prix circuit championship chase with 10 points apiece.

DENNIS TAYLOR, 41-year-old British jockey, crashed into a tree with his Formula Junior and died, the second fatality in Monaco's 32 years of Grand Prix racing.

WALT HANSGEN of Westfield, N.J. drove to an easy win in the SCCA 75-mile national championship road race in Bridgehampton, N.Y. Averaging 90 mph, Hansgen pulled his Cooper, powered by a 265-hp Buick engine, ahead of his teammate, Dr. Richard Thompson of Washington, D.C. Another Cooper, driven by Allen Connell, a Texas oilman, finished third.

SOCCER THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS in Santiago, Chile settled down after two rollicking rounds punctuated by brawls that drew the police out to quell the fervor of hostile enthusiastic fans and players. (See page 90.) Amid a mounting casualty list on the playing field, Defending Champion Brazil got off to a tight start as upstart Czechoslovakia held the team to a scoreless draw. Chile narrowed Italy's chances for the world cup with a 2-0 victory, and the mechanically precise Russian team was set back by a 4-4 standoff with Colombia. An outclassed Mexican team couldn't manage to score even one goal. Only Hungary and Chile made it through the first two rounds undefeated and untied as the third round began.

TENNIS ROD LAVER, left-handed Australian champion, drew his regular finalist Countryman Roy Emerson in the Paris hardcourt finals, and beat him 3-6, 2-6, 6-3, 9-7, 6-2, in an excellent exhibition of cross-court volleying that had the crowd standing and cheering. Laver, who is out for a sweep of the Big Four championships—Australia, France, England and the U.S.—now has won the first four. Margaret Smith, a tall 19-year-old lost her only set of the tournament to Lesley Turner, but fought back after that with a smashing service and won, 6-3, 1-6, 7-5. That makes Australians: What else?

TRACK & FIELD BRUCE KIDD listened to one of the world's finest long-distance runners, Murray Halberg, talk pre-race strategy, followed what he heard and gave Halberg a beating at his own specialty, the 5,000-meter run, at Los Angeles' Compton Relays. The Toronto youngster set a new American record of 13:43.8, nearly eight seconds lower than the previous mark. Kidd kicked at the start when Halberg did, but when he kicked again at the finish Halberg couldn't follow and finished a shocked third, behind little Max Truex. Kidd explained he had worked through the winter at correcting his lanky-erky running style. Other Compton highlights: Ulis Williams of Arizona State, pushed by San Jose State's Willie Williams, ran the fastest 440 in the country this year, 45.9. Arizona State set a new national collegiate time of 3:05.7 in the mile relay with Mike Barrick (47.7), Henry Carr (45.7), Ron Freeman (46.6) and Williams (45.7). Jan Sikorski of USC threw the javelin 261 feet 3½ inches. Dallas Long of USC brought down NYU's Gary Gubner for the second straight time with a 64-foot 11½ inch shot put throw, and Jay Silvester heaved the discus 199 feet.

DENNIS CARR of Lowell High School, Whittier, Calif. clocked the national interscholastic record for the mile, finishing in 4:08.7 in the state high school meet at Modesto. The previous record was 4:11.8 set by Californian Dale Story three years ago.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: VERN WOLFE, widely respected California coach at little-known Foothill College in Mountain View, by the University of Southern California as track coach to replace Athletic Director Jesse Hill who had filled in following the death of Jess Mortensen last winter. Wolfe, a former pole-vaulter, is an excellent bet to maintain USC's strong reputation in track and field.

FOUND: 1914 GRAF, long the subject of a search by classic-car collectors who had believed that the elegant automobile of Emperor Karl, last of the Austro-Hungarian monarchs, still existed in a Swiss junk pile.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

20 [illegible] 24—[illegible]
35 [illegible] 36, 37 [illegible]
[illegible] 84 [illegible] 106 [illegible]
[illegible] 109 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



BILLY SPENCER, 12, of Sarasota, Fla. soared to a new national junior boys' water-ski jump record of 83 feet in the Jacksonville Open Jump Classics. The son of a water ski school operator, Billy gets his distance by hitting the hee-hoot ramp at a flashy 40 mph.



DARLENE ANDERSON, a sophomore at the University of Minnesota, won the Midwest collegiate women's golf championship by stroking a nine 162 in the 36-hole final. A former Bemidji queen, Miss Anderson has also held the state public links title for women.



STEVE McQUEEN, man with a fast draw as television's bounty hunter, turns out to have a lead foot in real life. He sped over the 39 mile Santa Barbara road race at an average of 74.8 mph, winning the Formula Junior division in his Cooper BMC with an elapsed time of 30:04.



DAVE DEUBNER, high school senior from Eugene, Ore. has already outdistanced his home state's whiz, Dyrol Burleson, by breaking Burleson's own school records. In one meet Deubner blazed new district marks in the mile (4:12.9) and 880 (1:55.8).



MARTY RIESSEN, 19, tall and lithe Davis Cup placer, breezed through the season unbeaten at Northwestern, where his father is the tennis coach. Riessen, a sophomore and basketball letterman, has not lost a set in college leading his team to the Big Ten tennis title.



ADELE GODDARD of Miami, who made her most important chess move six years ago when she asked her husband to teach her the game, pleased him and surprised the field by winning the women's national amateur championship in Asbury Park, N.J.

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Whichever you buy, you'll find some things about the Renault unchanged: The famous gas economy of up to 40 mpg. The 12-month or 12,000 mile warranty. And the un-imitatable Dauphine style, which makes some people ask for a repeat when you tell them how little it costs. We repeat, as little as $1395.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



SURPRISE HITTERS were Dave Nicholson of Orioles, who hit three 400-foot homers, and Don Zimmer, a .352 hitter since trade to Reds.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

An infection was spreading in **Pittsburgh**. It all began with Vernon Law, who did not allow a walk and won twice. Similar success spread to Harvey Haddix, who pitched his first complete game since last August. Also affected were Roberto Clemente (.407 BA for the week), Dick Groat (.414) and Smoky Burgess (.526). Coupled with good relief pitching, these performances gave the Pirates seven straight wins. Relievers Jack Lamabe, ElRoy Face and Diomedes Olivo were superb. Their combined ERA for 46 appearances this year was 1.48, and Manager Danny Murtaugh was so happy that even his chewing tobacco tasted better. Birdie Tebbetts, the **Milwaukee** manager, was ready to chew nails and spit carpet tacks. Then his Braves won five of eight and things looked brighter. Bob Shaw, who can do 10 one-hand push-ups, showed he could pitch as well. He beat the Cardinals twice. **Houston** played as if determined to lose all its remaining games. Thirteen errors led to 14 unearned runs. Bright spots: Carl Warwick hit .417 and Dave Giusti gave up just three hits in a nine-inning relief job. "I feel as though I'm sitting on top of the world," Giusti said after his first major league win. **New York** fans seemed to thrive on adversity, showing up in vast numbers to see the Mets lose eight times last week and 14 in a row. Gil Hodges hit three homers, then had to rest because of a freak spring training injury. "I hurt my left knee falling asleep on a bus," Hodges explained. It seemed as though the **Philadelphia Phillies** had fallen asleep right on the field. They had lost 17 of 20 before Art Mahaffey beat the Giants 2-1 and 22-year-old Dennis Bennett shut out the Dodgers. Manager Gene Mauch was not ashamed to take a few losses lying down—in a hospital. **Chicago** players might as well have been hospitalized, except for Ernie Banks, who wore two-pound weights on his wrists during batting practice and hit three home runs in one game. **St. Louis** batters seemed to have the weights attached to their bats. They hit only .237, had no homers and just four doubles and one triple. Pitching, supposedly the team's forte, was spotty. Larry Jackson had completed only two of 10 starts since opening day. Ray Sadecki's 6.53 ERA was the worst in the NL, and Ernie Broglio had not finished any of his seven starts. About the only one to come through in the clutch was Red Schoendienst, who won a pregame cow-milking contest. For **Los Angeles** everything came up milk and honey and wins, 13 of them in succession, to tie the longest Dodger streak ever. Only once in some 1,570 major league at bats had Maury Wills hit a homer, but last week he got two in one game. He hit one left-handed, the other right-handed. For good measure, the second place Dodgers beat Spokane 10-4 in an exhibition game. **Cincinnati**'s Frank Robinson (nine RBIs, .467 BA) and Marty Keough (.500), who filled in for the injured Vada Pinson, hit as though they were facing Triple-A pitchers, too. Robinson had a .365 BA for the month of May. This hitting, plus continued fine pitching by Joey Jay, Bob Purkey and even Johnny Klippstein, gave the Reds six wins in seven tries. Despite the Reds' 17 wins in their past 21 games, **San Francisco** stayed in first place, mainly because of winning three doubleheaders.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"We still need more punch in the outfield," said **Baltimore** President Lee MacPhail. Instead of more punch in the outfield (Russ Snyder hit .375, the other outfielders batted .195), Jerry Adair suffered a shoulder dislocation and Boog Powell sustained a deep thigh bruise. Brooks Robinson broke two teeth and loosened a third when his bat struck the metal frame of the batting cage, then glanced off and hit him in the face. **Chicago** had its woes, too, but still climbed to fifth. Juan Pizarro, unable to complete eight starts in a row, was due for an extended rest, said Manager Al Lopez. But after two days off, Pizarro pitched—and went the distance. Early Wynn was awakened by the clanging of pneumatic drills in the street beneath him and by renovation work in the hotel room above him. "You'll understand if I'm a little ornery," Wynn said as he arrived at the park. He sat in the clubhouse and ate pizza pie after shutting out the league-leading Indians on three hits. **Cleveland** Manager Mel McGaha cut down on his food consumption so he could trim off 10 pounds. His hitters cut down also—on home runs. Thus, the Indians had to rely on good pitching by Jim Perry (two wins) and Pedro Ramos (three-hit shutout). Jerry Kindall began taking guitar lessons. **New York** Manager Ralph Houk complained of too many banjo hitters. (The Yankees hit .249 last week.) "I nearly put the names in a hat and drew them out to make a batting order," Houk said. Said **Los Angeles** Manager Bill Rigney, "With our pitching staff it's pretty much a juggling contest." While Rigney juggled, Lee Thomas, Leon Wagner and Billy Moran each drove in seven runs. Ken McBride pitched a four-hitter and the Angels took five of eight. **Detroit** was intent merely upon playing baseball. The Tigers hit 15 homers and won six of nine. Jim Bunning was not accused by the Orioles of cutting any more baseballs with his belt buckle, but he was even more razor sharp than before and beat them with a three-hitter. **Washington**'s Danny O'Connell credited sharper vision (he finally submitted to wearing glasses) for his .386 hitting surge. The Senators somehow gave up four runs in one inning, although only one ball was hit out of the infield. **Boston** hitters often did not get the ball beyond the infield, but they did not play the Senators, so they lost five times. Earl Wilson, who came within one phone call of being traded not long ago, won two games. John Wyatt (3-3), Jerry Walker (6-2) and Dave Wickersham (6-1) proved a formidable group of starters for **Kansas City**. All three won, and the Athletics were 5-3 despite the absence of even one home run. **Minnesota** players hit a few, but the pitchers had to struggle to split eight games. **END**

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Siebern KC (.317)	40	33	73
Howser KC (.255)	40	22	62
Robinson Chi (.333)	26	33	59
Wagner LA (.288)	34	24	58
Bruton Det (.275)	35	23	58
Kaline Det (.336)	32	25	57
Yastrzemski Bos (.302)	30	25	55
Cunningham Chi (.289)	34	19	53
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cepeda SF (.344)	45	37	82
T. Davis LA (.319)	39	42	81
Mays SF (.311)	51	27	78
F. Alou SF (.346)	35	33	68
Williams Chi (.354)	41	23	64
Wills LA (.259)	46	17	63
Pinson Cin (.306)	35	27	62
H. Aaron Mil (.312)	38	22	60
White StL (.272)	32	28	60
Hiller SF (.263)	39	21	60

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

Boxed statistics through Saturday, June 2

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CHALLENGE

Sirs:

Many times in the past I have felt the urge to compliment—or criticize—a magazine. Usually I have been able to resist that urge. This time I cannot!

Your article, *Design for Sport* (May 14), was magnificent. As always with your magazine, my first trip through the latest issue was completely visual. As I went through the "DFS" section I commented, "Wow, these things should be in an art gallery, not in a sporting magazine." It wasn't until later, while reading the copy, that I realized that's exactly where they were. I'm sure they were more impressive in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's photographs than in reality.

Do you have any plans for making Kauffman's pictures available? I would be most interested in purchasing a set.

DAVID LINCOLN

Neenah, Wis.

● The Museum of Modern Art catalog, including all of Kauffman's pictures, is available at 25¢ a copy. Send your request to Design for Sport, Room 2001, Time and Life Building, New York 20, N.Y.—ED.

Sirs:

Congratulations to you on your extremely well-done piece, *Challenge of Form*. It's one of the best pieces on practical esthetics I have ever read.

WALTER HOVING
Chairman of the Board
Tiffany & Co.

New York City

Sirs:

It was not until reading your "Readers take over" section in the issue of May 21 ("If I want art, I'll subscribe to an art magazine") that I began to realize how few people appreciate art. Every work put out by an artist involves many hours of thought and work. Your article, *Design for Sport*, proved it. I shall always contend that if people in this busy world would only stop their hurrying and take a good look around them, they would realize what a creative mind can achieve. Thank you for many hours of enjoyable, interesting reading.

JUDIE L. SARAMA

Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Sirs:

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Sirs:

You should be very proud.

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Executive Director
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Chicago

THE CHAMPION

Sirs:

About two or three times a year the cover and lead story of your magazine make me

you'll take a million

want to regurgitate. These are the issues that feature prominent boxers of the day. I, like many Americans, am an enthusiastic sports fan. Like most other fans also, the thought of a heavyweight boxing fight for the world championship has always sent a thrill of anticipation through me.

But the thought of such a bout is as close as I can come to seeing one. To my knowledge, this is the only major sporting event in this country or any other country in which the public is not allowed to participate by radio or television.

Boxing used to be a sport for all Americans. The champion was not satisfied to fight one fight a year, but fought any and all contenders, and the public was allowed to listen on the radio or watch on television. This is as it should be.

In this affluent age, perhaps I am the only reader of your magazine who cannot afford to purchase a ticket to watch Floyd Patterson fight. If so, I apologize. However, I feel it is totally unfair for him to make one big fight a year, reaping a big swag off it through closed TV, and deny the majority of the people the opportunity of seeing how good or bad a fighter he is.

WARD ROSEN

George West, Texas

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article *Out of the Night* (May 28) by Floyd Patterson, and rather than compliment you I want to thank you. I hope some of those who are so ready to condemn boxing will read this article and see what that savage, bloody sport has done for this backward, unfortunate boy.

GARY BREWER

Caribou, Me.

Sirs:

I was fortunate not to experience the kind of childhood Patterson did, but being a human being I can readily feel the agony, the tyranny and the aimless days that this man witnessed.

It is a situation that could happen to any of us, the John Does who live in the slums or the John Smiths who live on Park Avenue. A true champion, Patterson defeated his No. 1 enemy, himself, to restore himself to a normal life after such unfortunate mishaps. In so doing he gave reason for me to hope that others will sit down and take note of this, and someday become true champions in their own walks of life.

WILLIAM A. LIGHTBOUND

Brooklyn

BIG ROCK

Sirs:

In your May 28 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, under the section SCORECARD, you introduce an attack upon the fisherman's yo-yo with this sentence: "In Little Rock, Ark., a town little noted for its awareness of world events, the march of progress has taken another broad step to the rear." Being angry at fishermen who use the yo-yo, you seem to have reasoned that because one J. W. White Jr. manufactures a yo-yo in Little Rock, thereby our city somehow becomes an accomplice to this crime.

You might as well castigate Chicago for all the ills of the Atomic Age because the first nuclear reactor was developed there in 1942, or just as logically condemn New York as the seat of Communist power in the United States because the U.N. building houses offices for Russia and its satellites.

Little Rock is the Arkansas home of Senator John McClellan, the nemesis of wrongdoing in and out of government, it is loved by Senator Bill Fulbright, the forward-looking originator of the Fulbright Scholarships and chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; it is now home base for Congressman Wilbur Mills, regularly voted one of the most influential men in the

continued



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Congress and chairman of the significant tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee. Bill Dickey, Yankee Hall of Famer, lives here. Ed Stone, of worldwide architectural fame, knows it as the capital of his native state. J. S. McDonnell of McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, maker of John Glenn's *Friendship 7* space capsule, was reared here and still loves it as home.

We in Little Rock are just as good and just as smart (and sometimes quite as bad) as people everywhere and just as sensitive to gratuitous, unfair criticism. If you are the kind of "sports" you claim to be, I invite you to retract the unkindness reflected by the quotation and show your readers that sportsmanship can be demonstrated on editorial pages as well as on field, stream and gridiron.

WILLIAM H. BOWEN

Little Rock, Ark.

UNPERFECT PAUL

Sirs:

The record, in my opinion, does not support your flattering story about Army's coach, "Pepsodent Paul" Dietzel (May 28). His only departure from the path of veracity was not, as he suggests, when he told a meeting of Louisiana State University alumni that he would never coach anywhere but at LSU. When we at *The Times-Picayune* reported that Coach Dietzel, still under a long-term contract with LSU, was in touch with officials at the United States Military Academy about taking the West Point coaching job, Dietzel publicly described this report as based on a "silly assumption." Nor is Coach Dietzel's recruiting record as perfect as readers of your piece might believe. If Coach Earl Blaik still thinks that "if Dietzel so much as gets his feet under the supper table with a boy, that boy is his," he might ask Paul how he missed getting Perry Lee Dunn, now a star back at the University of Mississippi, and many other good southern boys.

GEORGE W. HEALY JR.
Editor

New Orleans

FRONT RUNNERS

Sirs:

I will nominate John L. Rotz for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1962 Sportsman of the Year award. The Preakness undoubtedly proved that nice guys do not finish last.

MAL MATTUK

St. Paul

Sirs:

Your treatment of our Kentucky Derby was most unusual and creative. Artist Tom Ungerer's interpretation of the race, the crowd and the excitement were excellent.

BERT THOMAS COMBS
Governor

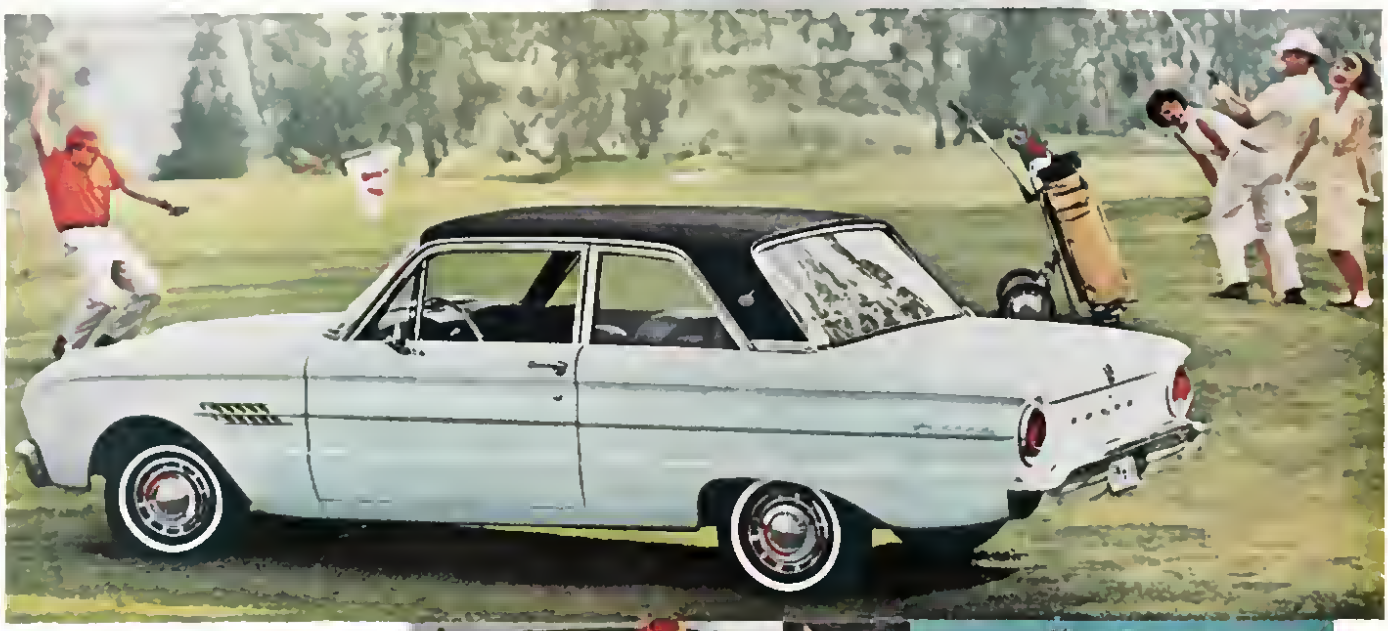
Frankfort, Ky.

Makes saving a lively art!

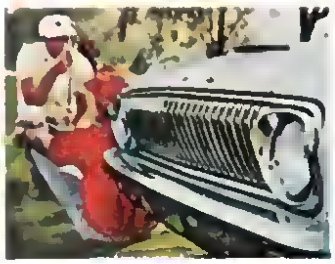




FALCON SPORTS FUTURA. The price is well under par—even when compared to some standard compacts. It scores on gas savings, too. But the Sports Futura's real achievement is this: it proves economy doesn't have to look dull! Note that new Thunderbird-inspired roof (vinyl-covered if you want)... carpeting that stretches from wall to wall... the foam-cushioned bucket seats with a console in between. View it in glorious living color at your Ford Dealer's... the liveliest spot in town!







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